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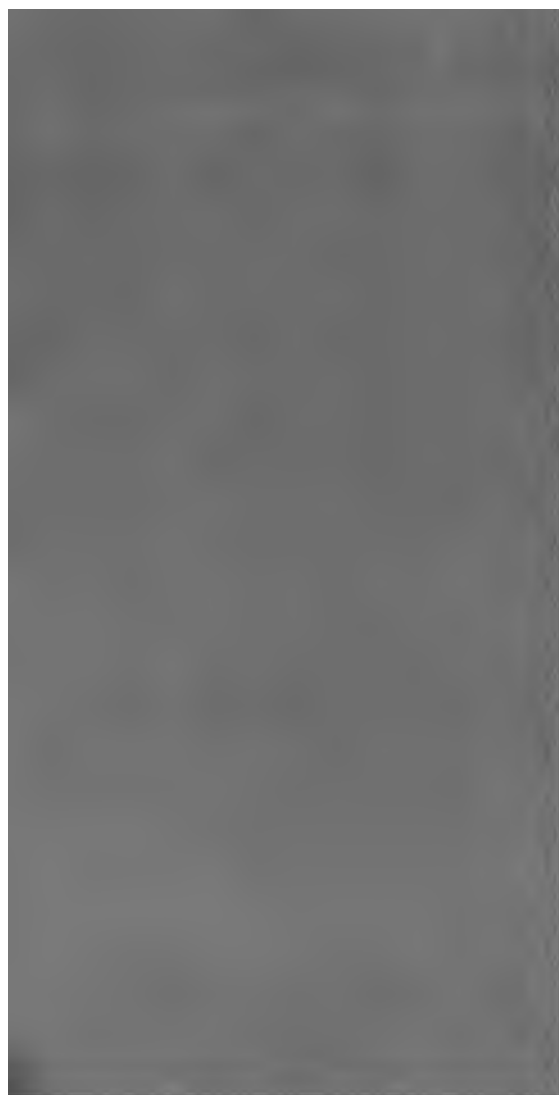


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BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

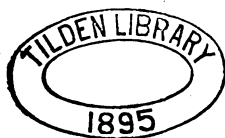


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JOY WOOD
CLUB
HALL

POEMS
IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.
AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

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IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.

POEM I.

PROGRESS OF ENVY.

Occasioned by
MR's ATTACK ON THE CHARACTER OF MILTON.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

Odiū bonorū sede me infausta extrahit
Dīros scelestā mente versantem dolos.
Groetii Aadamus Ereul.

I.

unhappy state of mortal Wight,
 ENY's sure attendant upon fame,
 she rest from rancorous despight,
 she works him mickle woe and shame ;
 she whom ENY thus doth spoil,
 she check her ever-restless hate,
 she doth his reputation foil :
 nameless Imp is he, whose worth elate,
 he pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient Mount, yclept *Parnass*,¹⁰
(The fair domain of sacred Poesy)
Which, with fresh odors ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of *Castaly* ;
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil, —
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring
toil.

III.

The MUSES fair these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;²⁰
The air in silence listens to the song,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings :
Pale visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the Hag arrive the blissful seat ; —
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God, ³⁰
And own'd sweet music's more alluring pow'r.

ither side was plac'd a peerless Wight,
 ose Merit long had fill'd the Trump of FAME;
 s FANCY's darling Child was SPENSER hight,
 o pip'd full pleasing on the banks of *Tame*, —
 no less fam'd than He, and MILTON was his
 name.

V.

n these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
 Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
 While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
 Makes happiness eternal as the spring. — 20
 Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
 Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
 Now MILTON sung of disobedient Man,
 And *Eden* lost: The Bards around them throng,
 Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their Prince's song.

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient Wight,
 A lofty seat on Mount *Parnassus* held,
 Who long had been the MUSE's chief delight;
 His reverend locks were silver'd over with eld;
 Grave was his visage, and his habit plain; — 25
 And while he sung, fair Nature he display'd,
 In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain,
 Nè mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
 Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKESPEARE sat, irregularly great, —
And in his Hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn'd the foulest dross to purest gold :
Whatever Spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command; 6.
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might with-
stand.

VIII.

Beside the Bard there stood a beauteous Maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd.
FANCY her name, ysprung of race divine,
Her Mantle wimpled low, her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders
stray'd,
“ She made a net to catch the wanton air,” 7.
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd,
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
Maid.

IX.

And ever and anon she way'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :

wav'd it round: eftsoons there did appear —
 ts and Witches, forms unknown before :
 n she lifts her wonder-working wand ;
 xons upon the flow'ry plain was seen
 gay Inhabitants of *Fairie Land*,
 blithe attendants upon MAB their Queen, ✓
 tic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

X.

h' other side stood NATURE, Goddess fair ;
 latron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;
 teous her form, majestic was her air,
 ose attire of purest white array'd : — 86
 tent rod she bore, whose power was such,
 from her Darling's works may well be shown)
 t often with its soul-enchancing touch,
 rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
 ach man's passions made subservient to her ..
 own.

XI.

lo ! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
 . murky mists the buxom air invade,
 ch with contagion dire infect the skies,
 . all around their baleful influence shed ;
 infected sky, which whilom was so fair, 90
 h thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread ;
 Sun, which whilom shone without compare,

Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time sore-grieving, seeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

ENVY, the Daughter of fell *Acheron*, —
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy Night)
Had left precipitate her *Stygian* throne,
And thro' the frightened heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe ; 100
For happiness, alas ! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from Virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on Religion base designs to serve,

XIII.

At length, on blest *Parnassus* seated high,
Their temples circled with a laurel crown, —
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin unto a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost, 110
Sith others were of happiness possest :
Did never gloomy Hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
When fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,

rown with tangling briars a cavern stood ;
 ace for Melancholy dreary-head.
 a deformed Monster joy'd to won,
 h on fell rancour ever was ybent,
 om the rising to the setting Sun,
 eart pursued spite with black Intent, — 12
 d her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

wing sable stole she was yclad,
 h with her countenance did well accord ;
 from her mouth, like one thro' grief gone
 mad,
 thy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd ; —
 astly grin and eyes asquint, display
 Rancor which her hellish Thoughts contain,
 how, when Man is blest, she pines away,
 ing to turn his happiness to pain ;
 s the Monster's name, a foe to God and Man. 13

XVI.

g the floor black loathsome toads do crawl,
 r gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
 ch ever and anon they spit at all
 m hapless Fortune leads too near her den ;
 nd her waist, in place of silken zone, —
 e-devouring viper rear'd his head,
 no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,
 Death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
 skless Mortals fly, in vain is Hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' the aetherial Waste, *140*
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
A while contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the Fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

XVIII.

Sister, arise : See how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can boast, *150*
Sith mortal Man now gains immortal praise,
Sith Man is blest, and thou and I are lost :
See in what state *Parnassus'* hill appears ;
See PHOEBUS' self two happy Bards atween ;
See how the God their song attentive hears ; —
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween,
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting
scene ?

XIX.

Sister, arise ; ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel these Mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop ; *160*
ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone :
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,

to deceive Mankind with specious bait ;
TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
fountain of contention and of hate : —
unite with me, and be as whilom great.

XX.

Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
able, ye Bards, within that blissful seat ;
ICE and ENVY shall o'throw your joys,
PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat. — 1/2
we, who under friendship's feigned veil,
tempted the bold Archangel to rebel ;
we, who under show of sacred zeal,
g'd half the Pow'rs of Heaven in lowest Hell—
le disgrace of us no mortal Man shall tell. —

XXI.

now, more hideous render'd to the sight,
reason of her raging cruelty,
burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
find fit engine for her forgery.
eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance, — 180

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air emong;
A lofty seat the Sister-monsters bore,
In deadly machinations close combin'd, 170
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;
God help the Man 'gainst whom such caitiff Foes are
join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;
Detested sight! In terrible array,
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay, 200
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on *Caledonian* plain.

XXIV.

Here elder Son of MALICE long had dwelt,
A Wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falsities was built:
(Ah! worthless Son, of worthless parent born!)

Under the shew of semblance fair he veil'd
The black intentions of his hellish breast ;
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profest : — 210
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's cloath-
ing drest.

XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
(Sure signs of woe when such are pleas'd, alas !)
Then measure back the Air with swifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount *Parnass*. —
Hither in evil hour the Monsters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
Beholding worth with poisonous despight ;
On his success depends their impious delight. — 220

XXVI.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat ;
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain ;
Mote none come then, who come with impious feet.
At length, at unawares he out doth spit —
That spite, which else had to himself been bane ;
The venom on the breast of *Milton* lit,
And spread benumbing death thro' every vein ;
The Bard, of life bereft, fell senseless on the plain.

XXVII.

- As at the banquet of *Thyestes* old, — 230
The Sun is said t'have shut his radiant eye,
So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky ;
Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous Night, —
Shriek-owls and Ravens, whose fell croaking bodes
• Approaching death to miserable wight :
Did never mind of man behold sike dreadful sight †

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his Darling, done to die
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane ; — 240
The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of *Castally*,
And crown his death with many a living strain ;
Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know ;
The flowers drooping their despair attest, —
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow ;
All Nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But, lo ! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears, — 250
(May darkness ever thus to light give place !)
Erst griev'd APOLLO jocund looks resumes,

. . .

The Nine renew their whilom chearful song,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
Forth from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous Rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes thro' his veins;
Life thro' each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And FAME, by MALICE inexpulsive, reigns: — 26.
And see, a female form, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A female form, yclad in snowy white,
Ne half so fair at distance seems as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER —
die.

POEM II.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,
The internal pow'r, creative fancy, oft
Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.
Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,
And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream;
Hence as I slept, these images arose
To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

II.

As, when fair morning tries her pearly tears,
The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
Thus new to sight [a Gothic dome appears
With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.]

Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
 And her lip-labor'd orisons she plies
 In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
 Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies;
 To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
 And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets
fall. *26*

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside,
 Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
 Here hoodwinkt Ignorance is seen to bide,
 Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
 No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
 Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
 Save when [beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
 And haunt his soul with visionary fears;
 Or when [hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
 And [babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.] *30*

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
 And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,
 There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
 And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight,
 A thousand glories wait her op'ning day,
 Here beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;
 Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
 And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;

She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl
With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
And check each vig'rous effort of the soul :
Whoe'er unware shall ply his thirsty lip,
And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
And objects see in features not their own ;
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his
name.

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate :
The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect, and throned high ;
Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
To lock or ope the portals of the sky ;
Crouching and prostrate there (ah! sight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

h bended arm he on a book reclin'd
lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;
av'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies!
man no more, a god he would be thought,
nd 'mazed mortals blindly must obey,
With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
and near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:
strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, sin,
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er abounding good
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aspect there indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
and treason would absolve, and murder purge with
gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;

No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
And indolently snore the hours away.

The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,

masculine

The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye

Impure he deems, and from them starts with
dread,

As crimes of foulest stain the deepest dye :

No social hopes hath he, no social fears,

But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years. *go*

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire

Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath

Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,

And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.

Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed—

To stretch or mangle to a certain size ;

To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,

To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries ;

Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,

Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his me-
lody. *m*

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,

And slow approaching with majestic pace,

A love ly maid appears in beauty's bloom,

With native charms and unaffected grace :

hand a clear reflecting mirroure shows,—
 which all objects their true features wear,
 and on her cheek a blush indignant glows
 to see the horrid sorceries practis'd there;
 she snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 lock'd its iron clasps, and op'd the heav'nly page. *laughing*

XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
 That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 Unveil, she said, the sacred myst'ries here,
 Give the celestial boon to public view,
 Tho' blatant Obloquy with lep'rous mouth
 Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous
 deed,
 Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth
 Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,
 Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,
 With each historic grace, shall shine thro' ev'ry
 age. *20*

XIII.

" With furious hate tho' fierce relentless pow'r
 Exert of torment all her horrid skill;
 Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,
 Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
 Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss
 Shall lie, fast bound in adamant chain,

Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign ;
Then shall repay the momentary tear,

6. 130 "The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year." 130

POEM III.

THE
EDUCATION OF ACHILLES.

BY
THE REV. ROBERT BEDINGFIELD, M. A.

I.

AH me ! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe ?
Is there on earth no happiness sincere ? *=frown*
Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow
From joy's domestic spring, our children dear ?
How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,
When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy ! *etc.*
How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,
Lest vice's secret canker should annoy
Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy !

II.

At length, so Nereus had her rightly taught, *10*
That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more, *5*

Her imp in prattling infancy she brought
Pelion's To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hoar,
 Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore ;
 Chiron, whose wisdom flourish'd 'bove his peers,
 In every goodly thew, and virtuous lore,
 To principle his yet untainted years ;
 The seed that's early sown, the fairest harvest bears.

III.

Far in the covert of a bushy wood,
 Where aged trees their star-proof branches spread,
 A grott, with grey moss ever drapping stood ;
 Ne costly gems the sparkling roof display'd,
 Ne crystal squares the pavement rich inlaid,
 But o'er the pebbles, clear with glassy shine,
 A limpid stream in soothing murmurs stray'd,
 And all around the flow'ring eglantine
 Its balmy tendrils spread in many a wanton twine.

IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,
 Yet sacred made by men of mickle fame,
Sea-kent Who there in precepts wise had lesson'd been,
Peleus's Chaste Peleus, consort of the sea-born dame,
 Sage Aesculape, who could the vital flame
 (Blest leach!) relumine by his healing skill :
 And Jason, who, his father's crown to claim,
 Descended dreadful from the craggy hill,
 And with his portance stern did false usurper thrill.

V.

Fast by the cave a damsel was ypight,
Afraid from earth her blushing looks to rear,
Lest aught indecent should offend her sight;
Lest aught indecent should offend her ear; — 4.
Yet would she sometimes deign at sober cheer
Softly to smile, but ever held it shame
The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,
A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.
Ah! who but churlish carle would hurt so pure a
dame?

VI.

With her sate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,
Plucking from tree-en bough her simple food,
And pointing to an urn beside her feet,
Fill'd with the crystal of the wholesome flood: ^{be...}
With her was seen, of grave and awful mood, — 5.
Hoary FIDELITY, a matron staid;
And sweet BENEVOLENCE, who smiling stood,
Whilst at her breast two fondling infants play'd,
And turtles, billowing soft, coo'd through the echoing
glade.

VII.

On t'other side, of bold and open air, —
Was a fair personage hight EXERCISE;
Reclin'd he seem'd upon his rough boar-spear,
As late surceas'd from hardy enterprize;

- σ (For Sloth inglorious did he aye despise)
 σ Fresh glow'd his cheek with health's vermillion
 dye,
 σ [On his sleek brow the swelling sweat-drops rise,]
 And oft around he darts his glowing eye
 σ To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly compan!

VIII.

- σ Not far away was sage EXPERIENCE plac'd,
 σ With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and sober pligh
 Who weighing well the present with the past,
 Of every accident could read aright.
 σ With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,
 σ Bow-bent with eld, his beard of snowy hue,
 Yet age's hand mote not empare the sight, *Jo*
 σ Still with sharp ken the eagle he'd pursue,
 σ As through the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'
 she flew.

IX.

- σ Here the fond parent left her darling care,
 σ Yet softly breath'd a sigh as she withdrew ;
 σ Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,
 σ Eftsoons imbib'd Instruction's hony'd dew,
 σ (For well to file his tongue, sage Chiron knew)
 σ And learnt to discipline his life aright ;
 σ To pay to pow'rs supreme a reverence due,

Chief to [Saturnian Jove, whose dreaded might — *σ*
 Wings thro' disparted clouds the bik'ring lightning's *σ*
 flight.]

X.

Aye was the stripling wont, ere [morning fair *σ*
 Had rear'd o'er eastern waves her rosy tede,]
 To grasp with tender hand the pointed spear,
 And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed *= To reach*
 Enshrouded lay, or lion's tawny seed. *To find*
 Oft would great Dian, with her woody train, *= To hunt*
 Stop in mid chace to wonder at his speed,
 Whilst up the hill's rough side she saw him strain,
 Or sweep with winged feet along the level plain. — *90*

XI.

And when [dun shades had blent the day's bright *σ*
 eye,]
 Upon his shoulders, with slow stagg'ring pace,
 He brought the prey his hand had done to die,
 Whilst blood with dust besprent did foul disgrace
 The goodly features of his glowing face.
 When as the sage beheld on grassy soil
 Each panting corse, whilst life did well apace, *= To find*
 The panther of his spotted pride he'd spoil,
 To deck his foster son : fit meed of daring toil.

XII.

And ever and anon the godlike sire,
 To temper stern behests with pleasaunce gay,

Would touch (for well he could) the silver lyre ;
 So sweetly ravish'd each enchanting lay,
 That Pan, in scornful wise, would fling away
 His rustic pipe, and ev'n the sacred Train —
 Would leave their lov'd Parnass' in trim array,
 And thought their own Apollo once again
 Charm'd his attentive flock, a simple shepherd
 swain.

XIII.

And ever and anon of worthies old,
 Whose praise Fame's trump through earth's wide
 bounds had spread,
 To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told ;
 Pirithous, known for prowrest hardy-head ;
 Theseus, whose wrath the dire Procrustes fled ;
 And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,
 When Hydra fell, in loathsome marshes bred,
 In vain against the son of Jove uprear'd
 Head sprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion
 shear'd.

XIV.

The stern-brow'd boy in mute attention stood,
 To hear the sage relate each great emprise ;
 Then strode along the cave in haughtier mood,
 Whilst varying passions in his bosom rise,
 And lightning beams flash from his glowing eyes.]

n now he scorns the prey the desarts yield,
n now, as hope the future scene supplies,
shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield, *20*
braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er
the field.

POEM IV.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

BY
ROBERT LOWTH, D. D.
[Late Bishop of London.]

I.

Now had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime : when Youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life ; and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her poisonous
root ;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees ; fair bloom, of fairest fruit :
Summer shall ripen what the spring began ;
Youth's generous fires will glow more constant in the
man. 16

II.

As on a day reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement ; nurse of contemplation sage ;

Step following step, and thought succeeding
thought ;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd — *to walk*
His walk ; and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing ; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life : before him lay
Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure's flow'ry *to*
way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind : *= to be divided*
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of
fame ;
Now love of ease to softer thought inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
When lo ! far off two female forms he spies ;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear :
Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair,
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move :
This striking sacred awe ; that softer, winning love. *30*

IV.

The first, in native dignity surpast ; *= to excel*
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more :
Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast ;
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore,
August she trod, yet modest was her air ;

Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire,
 Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
 More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire
 Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
 Majestically sweet, and amiably severe. *40*

V.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
 But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye:
 And [her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.]
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim
 Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
 Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
 Her stature shew'd more tall; more snowy-white her
 skin. *50*

VI.

look y
 Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw;
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other maid
 Approaching decent, eagerly she prest
 With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,

The wond'ring youth with freedom bland address ;
With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;
[Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
tongue.]

VII.

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
mind ?
Securely follow, where I lead the way ;
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care,
Em bath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease :
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war ;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free ;
Leave honor to the wretch ! Pleasures were made for
thee.

VIII.

" Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight :
All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound ;
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love :
[Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around ;]
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove :

Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy
head ;
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy
bed. 85

IX.

“ These will I, freely, constantly supply ;
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mixt with woe :
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly ;
Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow ;
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine ;
Let the strong hind subdue the stubborn soil ;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win ;
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil :
These softer cares my blest allies employ,
New pleasures to invent ; to wish, and to enjoy.” 90

X.

The youth her winning voice attentive caught ;
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd : then her name besought :
“ My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.
Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain :
They share my bliss ; they best can speak my
praise :
Tho' Slander call me Sloth—detraction vain !
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says :

Slander, still prompt true merit to defame ;
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
name."

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid :
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd.) " Know, Hercules," she
said

With manly tone, " thy birth of heav'nly race ;
Thy tender age that lov'd Instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise ;
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice ;
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.

Rise, youth ! exalt thyself, and me : approve
Thy high descent from heav'n ; and dare be worthy
Jove.

XII.

" But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
disguise ;

The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd :
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by heav'n ; true bliss, and real good.
Honor rewards the brave and bold alone ;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne ;
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.

XVII.

now σ "The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows;
acc. to all σ [The dainty board, with choicest viands spread;
 = To thee are tasteless all! Sincere repose
 Flies from thy flow'ry couch, and downy bed.
 For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
 Nor sleep with self-rewarding toil hast bought;
 Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
 In dull oblivious interval of thought:
 That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
 From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out the
 day. 170

XVIII.

σ "From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
 Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;
 Averse from her, you waste the joyless hours:
 Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
 Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
 Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful
 place;
 m For ever banish'd from the realms above,
 To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
 Fitter abode! On earth alike disgrac'd;
 Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd. 180

XIX.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
 To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Though lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along;
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays;
Ne'er did'st thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
song
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy
praise!
No—to thy revels let the fool repair:
To such, go smooth thy speech; and spread thy
tempting snare. 190

XX.

“Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth, of follies; an old age, of cares:
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease
Reserving woes for age their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend. page
Griev'd with the present; of the past ashamed:
They live, and are despis'd: they die, nor more are
nam'd. 200

XXI.

“But with the gods, and god-like men, I dwell:
Me, his supreme delight, th' almighty Sire
Regards well-pleas'd: whatever works excel,

All or divine or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,

In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :

My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the art ;

The surest policy, the wisest guide.

With me, true friendship dwells ; she deigns to
bind

Those generous souls alone, whom I before have
join'd. 210

XXII.

“ Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;

Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;

Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest ;

Sweet is their sleep : light, chearful, strong they
rise.

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and re-
nown

They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,

At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well-spent :

In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away ;

In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every
day. 216

XXIII.

“ And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,

Their ashes rest in peace ; [eternal Fame

Sounds wide their praise] : triumphant over fate,

In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
 This, Hercules, is happiness! Obey —
 My voice ; and live. Let thy celestial birth
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way
 That leads to fame ; and raises thee from earth
 Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
 Pursue the glorious path ; and claim thy native — 230
 skies.”

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught
 The generous flame : with great intent his heart
 Swells full ; and labors with exalted thought :
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd, — *10/15*
 Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;
 Unveil'd, she stood confest before his sight ; — *exp/er*
 False Siren !—All her vaunted charms, that shone
 So fresh erewhile, and fair ; now wither'd, pale, and — 240
 gone.

XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
 Masks her dissembled looks ; Each borrow'd grace
 Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her — 5
 eyes
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
 As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay ;
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colors fade,
 And from our wonder gently steal away :
 Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so
 bright,
 — Now lowers the low-hung cloud ; all gloomy to the
 sight. 250

XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
 Disclos'd new charms ; more lovely, more se-
 rene ;
 Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
 “ Lead, goddess, I am thine ! (transported cry'd
 Alcides :) “ O propitious pow'r, thy way
 Teach me ! possess my soul ; be thou my guide :
 From thee, O never, never let me stray ! ”
 While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd ;
 With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
 breast. 260

XXVII.

The heavenly maid, with strength divine endu'd
 His daring soul ; there all her pow'rs combin'd ;
 Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
 Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

y many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
rom fiercest monsters, through her powerful aid,
was Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode,
wn'd with eternal youth ; among the Gods, a
God.

POEM V.

THALES.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARD POCOCKE, D. D.

BY EDMUND SMITH, M. A.

Formerly of Christ-Church, Oxford.

I.

A COMELY Dame, in Sorrowe's garments drest,
Where Thames's crystal waters gently creep,
With her soft palme did beat her ivorie breast,
And rent her yellow locks; her rosy cheek
She in a flood of brackish teares did steep :
Rachel she seem'd, old Israel's beauteous wife,
Mourning her Sonnes, whose silver cord of life
Was cut by murderous Herod's fell and bloody
knife.

II.

Betwixt her lillie hands, the Virgin held
Two Testaments; the one defac'd with rust, ~~in~~
Vanquish'd with time, and overgrown with eld,
All spoil'd with careless spots, all soyl'd with dust;

It seem'd the same, the which Jehovah just
With his celestial finger did engrave ;
And on, the top of smoaking Sinai, gave —
To Him, whom Pharaoh's Daughter found in watry
cave.

III.

The other seeming fresh and fayre, yclad
In velvet covers, filleted with gold ;
White bullions, and crimson ties it had ;
The pumish'd leaves were seemly to behold. — 20
That spotlesse Lambe, which trayterous Judas sold
For price of blood, which streamed from his side,
Them guilt, when in Jerusalem he dy'd,
For to redeeme his Love, his Dove, his Deare, his
Bride.

IV.

Theology, for so men call'd the maid, —
Upon these Volumes cast her moysten'd eyes,
And who shall now (quoth she) since Pococke's
dead,
Find out the Treasure, that within you lies
Shadow'd in high and heavenly mysteries ?
And who shall now (quoth she) to others tell, — 30
When as, the World's great Grandsire ADAM fell,
Banish'd from flowery Eden, where he first did
dwell.

V.

What means that monstrous man, which Babel's
King
Did in a troubl'd slumber, once behold,
Like huge Goliah, slayne by David's sling, —
With dreadful head, and curled locks of gold,
With breasts, and mighty arms, of silver mould ?
With his swoln belly, and large sides of brasse,
With iron legs, with feet of mingled masse ?
One part compos'd of clay, the other iron was. 40

VI.

What means the Lion, and the Eagles wings ?
The savage Bear, that in his horrid jaw
Three ribs of some devoured carcase brings ?
The Leopard, which wise Belteshazzer saw
With direful mouth, and mighty-murdering paw ?
What means that fearful, hideous, hellish Beast,
With iron teeth, and with his horned crest ?
All these, and thousands more, by ПОКОКЕ were
expressed.

VII.

'Twas He, that branch'd Messia's sacred stem
In curious knots, and chain'd his glorious race 50
From princely Adam to the noble Sem ;
So down to Him, that had Choniah's place,
And from his Sonnes, to Mary full of grace,
A pregnant Maid, a blessed virgin Wife,

The Daughter of her Sonne, which gave him
Life,
Which did redeem the World, from Sin and Satan's
strife.

VIII.

'Twas He, that grav'd the names of Jacob's Sonnes
In the two Beryls, upon Aaron's breast ;
In Sardius Ruben, which as water runs ;
Simeon in Topaz, baser than the rest ; — *ba*
Levi in Emerauld, for Doctrine best :
Judah in Carbuncle, like Heav'ns eye ;
In Saphir Issachar, like th' azure skie,
Turkis Zebulon, which near the sea doth lie.

IX.

Dan in the flowery Hyacinth cut ; —
In Agate Nepthali ; and warlike Gad
In bloody Amethyst ; Asher is put
In Chrysolite ; the Beryl Joseph had ;
Young Benjamin, old Jacob's own sweet lad,
In Onyx ; each within his several stone — *70*
Our great Bezaleel carv'd ; who now is gone
To praise the Lambe, and Him that sits upon the
Throne.

X.

Nor did He only turn the sacred Page
At home, like Pedant pale, in musing mood ;

But with the feeble steps of hoary age —
All holy Ground, a Pilgrim wise and good
Patient he pac'd, and saw where dropping blood
Hoar Calvary his dismal summit rears,
Where, Angel meek, pure Piety appears
Chain'd to the naked rock, wasted and wet with tears.

XI.

Ye sacred Muses, that in Shiloah swim,
And in celestial deawe do dippe your quill,
The which, your Phoebus, mighty Elohim,
In silver-streaming channels doth distill
From top of Hermon, and of Sion Hill; —
As you, your great Creator's praise rehearse,
Ah! lend one broken sigh, one broken verse,
One doleful Ode, or Hymne, to deck his sable herse.

XII.

And You, poor Jewes, the issue of old Sem
Which did in honie-flowing Canaan dwell, —
And sway'd the scepter of Jerusalem;
Until some snake-hair'd Furie, sent from Hell,
Did you inflame with rage, and malice fell,
To put your Life to death; ah! now repent
For murdering your Lord! ah! now lament —
His Death, that would have brought you into Ja-
phet's Tent.

XIII.

And ye sage Men, who covet Adam's tongue,
Which did remain in Heber's holy line,
When the aspiring heaven-scaling throng
Above the big-swoln clouds did seek to climb;
(And is there then such pride in earthly slime?)
Do You lament this silver-pinion'd swan,
As white as Salmon-snow, a happy man,
That spake like Adam's selfe, the speech of Canaan.

XIV.

Besides the Greeke, plenteous in words and sense, / 100
The Chaldee wise, th' Arabian profound;
The Latine, pleasing with his eloquence;
The braving Spanishe, with her lofty sound;
The Tuscan grave, with many a laurel crown;
The lisping French, which fits a Lady vain; —
The Germane, like the people good and plain,
The Englishe, pure and rich, his native countrie's
strain.

XV.

Ah scoffing Ismaels, do not offer wrong
Unto his quiet Urne; do not defame
The silver touch of that harmonious tongue; — / 114
Peace dirty mouths, ah! hold your peace for shame,
Void not your gall upon a dead man's name!
But wake, O West-wind, come O South, and blow

With your myrhe-breathing mouth, sweet odors
throw
Into the empty aire, from Pococke's tombe below.

XVI.

This said, the Virgin vanished away,
And Heav'n did put his mourning mantle on :
Hyperion's Childe the Father of the Day,
That, with his blazing lad, full brightly shone,
Cloathed in Sable his star-glistening Throne : *20*
The clouds from their swolne eyes shed cristal
show'rs,
And all for him who lives in silver bowers,
An Hallelujah sings, with Thrones, and glorious
Pow'rs.

POEM VI.

THE *VISION OF PATIENCE.*

Sacred to the Memory of

MR. ALEXANDER CUMING,

A Young Gentleman unfortunately lost in the Northern Ocean on his Return
from China, 1740.

BY SAMUEL BOYSE.

Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro. Lucan, lib. vii.

I.

'T WAS on a summer's night I lay repos'd,
In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;
When Fancy to my waking thought disclos'd
And deep the visionary scene imprest:
Close by my side in robes of morning-grey
A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;
Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand:
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity—she placid thus began: 10

II.

" *Patience* my name—of *Lachesis* the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice ;
By me afflicted *Virtue* suffers mild,
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
I come to strengthen thy corrected sight ;
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
And eye Misfortune in a friendly light :
Nor thou my present summons disobey,
But chearfully prepare to wait me on my way."

III.

" Daughter of Heaven (methought I strait replied)
Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd ;
Content I follow thee, celestial guide,
Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd :
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes—
Thy salutary presence have I found ;
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound :
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright !"

IV.

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,

While the pale moon a dubious light bestow'd,
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea :
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing dawn
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host ;
And Night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
We found ourselves on *Thulé's* sky-girt coast :
Where *Silence* sits on her untroubled throne,
As if she left the world to live and reign alone. 40

V.

Here no invading noise the Goddess finds,
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep ;
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep ;
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
Spangled the roof with many an artless gem :
Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came :
But at her sister's sight with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat. 50

VI.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye
A boundless prospect lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky ;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd ;
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,
The sun emerging spread his golden ray ;
When sweetly *Patience* rais'd her pensive head,

And thus the Goddess said, or seem'd to say :
" Mark, mortal, with Attention's deepest care,
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven
prepare." *h₄*

VII.

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost !)
Just in the horizon dim a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast :
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain ;
And shew'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride ! *70*

VIII.

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye !
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, alas ! of hidden danger nigh :
The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er ;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore :
When, dreadful to behold !—disastrous shock !
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd
rock ! *84*

IX.

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frightened crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.
No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
For mortal paleness sate on every cheek!
I look'd at *Patience*!—as she sate me nigh,
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye! 90

X.

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,
Nor shew'd his steady brow a guilty fear!
The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure blest;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

XI.

Immediate *Patience* from her seat arose,
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;

While *Silence*, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke :
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way —
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
When thus, methought, I heard the Goddess say,
“ 'Tis mine to wait yon' boat that braves the tide,
For well, alas, too well I now foresee,
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for me.”
110

XII.

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
O'er many a sea-girt isle, and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean tost :
For now from sight of land diverted clear, —
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,
Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep :
The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,
The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd my
eye. 120

XIII.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave;
Calm sate the youth in the loud threatening blast,
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave !
One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid, —
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore ;

And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
 "Farewell my country!"—he could say no more,
 For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
 And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid bed. 130

XIV.

Then *Patience* meek, as from my rending heart,
 She heard deep utter'd the expressive sighs,
 "Seest thou (she said) that youth's undaunted part,
 Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies?
 There view the blest effects from Virtue flow,—
 The cow'rd from Fate to shameful Safety flies;
 The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
 Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
 For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
 But innocence in death supports the good and brave. 140

XV.

"Yet, ere yon setting sun his light renew,
 Shalt thou behold the decent honors paid
 To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
 And see it in the earth lamented laid;
 For though he dies from each expecting friend,
 Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return;
 The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,
 The blushing virgins weep around his urn!
 Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
 Though to your distant world in dark oblivion lost!" 150

XVI.

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night
Intent our course ærial we pursued ;
Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An island we perceiv'd that stemm'd the flood ;
No hills, nor trees adorn'd the level soil,
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found ;
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle
With here and there a spot of tillage-ground :
By which the humble village stood descried,
Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride 160

XVII.

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went
Where undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay !
Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,
We saw a reverend form advance our way ;
And now approaching with an easy pace,
The venerable sage before us stands,
White were his hairs, and chearful was his face,
At once delights his aspect and commands :
I felt all care suspended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred Goddess knew. 170

XVIII.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore,
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin :

Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore
To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin :
An easy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hospitable cottage led,
Ere yet instructed I my error found,
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind *Patience* whisper'd me our host was call'd *Content*. / 80

XIX.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl, and wooden
dish,
Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl, or sun-dried fish ;
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof ;
No storms, no accidents, could make him poor,
He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
A batchelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair. / 100

XX.

Long time with *Patience* fair discourse he held,
(Oft had the Goddess been his welcome guest)
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good sire familiarly address'd :
Thus were we happily conversant set, ✓
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,

And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why ?
Nor needed answer : on the sea-weed spray,
Too visible reply !—the wave-toss'd body lay. 200

XXI.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face,
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
I could of *Lycidas* each feature trace,
Young *Lycidas*, the learned and the good !
“ O Heaven (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return ?
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn !
How will he weep when in the ocean-grave,
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save !” 210

XXII.

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive
speech ;
“ Best in submission piety is seen,
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach :
But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd :
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more,
Yet never wafted wave to *Faroe's* guiltless shore !” 220

XXIII.

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear,
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage, or warrior dead :
While as these fruitless honors are bestow'd,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd : 284

XXIV.

“ What boots thee now, lost youth ! that cross the
main,
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain :
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul !
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast ;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies. 286

XXV.

“ Yet take these honors, thy deserv'd reward !
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own ;

Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end,
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,
To show that Death no terrors can attend,
Where Piety resides and holy Truth :
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead-awakening
sound !" 250

XXVI.

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honor'd clay ;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave, where never mortal lay !
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,___
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive ;
Here could have dwelt with old *Content* awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live !
When *Patience* from my side abruptly broke,
And starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke ! 260

POEM VII.

BY

THE LATE MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

I.

Ye baleful followers of the Blatant Beast,
Who censure matters far beyond your ken,
Behold, I now present you with a feast ;
Rush forth like wolves from your sequester'd den,
And mangle all the labors of my pen.
Show, ye rude louts, your lewd unhallow'd rage,
In this I share the fate of greater men ;
[Pale Envy ever gnaws the laurel'd page,]
And 'gainst all worthy wight doth war perpetual
wage.

II.

If thee, sweet nymph, these simple lines aggrate,
If I may hope to merit thine esteem,
Not with the proudest would I change my state
Of those who deeply drink Castalia's stream,
And on Parnassus catch th' inspiring dream.
Say, thou dear noursling of the Paphian Queen,

use of line
Wilt thou, ah ! wilt thou patronize my theme,
So shall this measure blunt the tooth of spleen,
Nor critic's tongue shall blast such favor'd lines, I
ween.

III.

substant
See ! how the tribe of witlings shun the place,
And deep in shades conceal their fronts of brass ;
The coxcomb talks of feathers, cloaths, and lace,
Nay Codrus unimpeach'd doth let me pass,
Codrus, of pride and spite a mighty mass.
Thus when a set of imps at midnight play,
And tear the corpses from the hallow'd grass ;
Soon as the sun unbars the gates of day,
They fear his heavenly light and melt in air away.

THE
SEASONS.

By the Same.

Annus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum
Summa mihi tradenda. Praedium rusticum.

SPRING.

I.

ERE yet I sing the round-revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

II.

It is the cuckoo that announceth Spring,
And with his wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;

Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,
Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.

Handwritten: $\frac{\text{favourably}}{\text{implying}} = \frac{1}{2}$
The little wantons that draw Venus team —
Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;
And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
Now sails on Themis' tide, the glory of the stream!

III.

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer
Sees, with delight, his numerous race around;
He grants fresh favours to each female near;
For love as well as cherisaunce renown'd.

Handwritten: $\frac{\text{fence}}{\text{to}} = \frac{1}{2}$
The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound
Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold;
Handwritten: $\frac{\text{fence}}{\text{to}} = \frac{1}{2}$
While Juno's dearling, with majestic bound,
To charm his leman doth his train unfold,
— — — That glows with vivid green, that flames with burni
gold.

IV.

Handwritten: σ The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
Handwritten: σ The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,
Handwritten: σ An hundred tints the gaudy daisy staid,
Handwritten: σ And the meek violet, in amis blue,
Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view
Handwritten: σ But the rank nettle rears her crest on high
So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,
While modest merit doth neglected lie,
And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

V.

See! all around the gall-less culver's bill,
Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
The which in various gyres the meadow bays. *40 = 10*
Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!
Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays, *for some*
And, as they wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens
with flowers.

VI.

And now the human bosom melts to love;
[The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre,
By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire,
All, all is harmony, and all desire. *50*
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid.
[Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
She now consents, then shuns th' embowering
shade,
With faint reluctance yields; desirous, yet afraid.

VII.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
(Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and
swain)
By various songs would various ends promote.

Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain ?
He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain !
And if, to honor Britain he be led, / 4
He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess
wed.

VIII.

But hark ! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
σ [The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport ;]
σ The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
σ Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort ;
The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
σ [Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,]
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short, / 4
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.
Yet, ah ! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

SUMMER.

I.

BENEATH yon snubby oak's extended shade
Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way :
The sultry lion rages for his prey.
Ah Phoebus, quench thy wild destroying fire,
Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy
ray,
Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

II.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
Improve my reason, and amend my mind ;
Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.
An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground ;
A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

III.

- The playful insect hopping in the grass
 Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill, ²⁴
 [The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
 And on the ramping steed doth suck his fill;
 Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!
 The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
 Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;
 And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
 Their mothers hang the head, in doleful plight I
 weet.

IV.

- Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay;
 The maidens too undaunted seek the plains, ³⁰
 Ne fear to show their faces to the ray;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.
 See how they mould the haycock's rising head;
 While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
 Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
 Fear not—thou can'st be hurt upon so soft a bed.

V.

- At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
 And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;
 In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,
 And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth quite, ⁴⁰

For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.
[Favonius gentle skims along the grove,] σ
And sheds sweet odors from his pennons light.
[The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,] σ
[And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-
eyed love.] σ

VI.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;
He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
Yet their belief did work them muchel ruth. σ σ
[His oaths were light as gossimer,] or air, σ σ
[His tongue was poisonous as an asp's tooth] σ
Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the
fair.

VII.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
Marian whom many huswife arts adorn,
[Right well she knew the apple to surround
With dulcet crust] and Thomalin renown'd σ
For prow atchievements in the wrestling-ring; σ
He held at nought the vantage of the ground;
But prone to earth the hardest wight would fling;
Such was Alcides erst, if poets sooth do sing.

VIII.

σ From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
To tread a measure ; while night's regent pale
Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops
clear,
The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.

AUTUMN.

I.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green, σ
In wholesome lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
Instudded richly with the spiky ear.
Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear, σ *Hyge*
Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad, *Bacchus*
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle horn she had,
On which she eft did blow, and made the heart right
glad.

II.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain, σ
The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ensue; σ
Now [in the barn they house the glittering grain] σ *grain*
And there the cries of "harvest home" renew,
The honest farmer doth his friends salew;
And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;
They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat, σ
Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

III.

- σ On every hill the purple-blushing vine
Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide; *20*
σ Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
Yet are we not potations bland denied;
pear σ See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,
Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
The apple too will grant a generous tide,
To sing whose honors Thenot rais'd his strain,
σ Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening
plain.

IV.

- σ [Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
σ And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
σ [Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns, *20*
Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
To find where, with his race, the partridge lies;
Ah! luckless fire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize;
More uncles wait to cause thee dolorous teen,
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the
green.

V.

- σ [The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare, *20*
And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,

If you're arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die, *40*
Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
For our good squire doth much against you rail,
And saith you often magic arts do try;
At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,
Or on a beesom vild you thro' the welkin sail.

VI.

The stag is rous'd ; he stems the threatening flood
That shall ere long his matchless swiftmess quell ;
And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
Amongst his well-known pheers attempts to mell :
With horn and hoof his purpose they repell. *40*
Thus, should a maid from virtue's lore ystray,
Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance fell ;
Your cruel selves with gall the shaft embay,
And lash from pardon's shrine the penitent away.

VII.

Now silence charms the sages of the gown, *40*
To purer air doth speed each crafty wight ;
The well-squeez'd client quits the dusty town, *5*
Grown grey in the asserting of his right,
With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea, *60*
And views each rural object with delight.
Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see ; *5*
Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much misween,
perdy.

VIII.

Right bless'd the man who free from bitter bale,
σ Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
ρ No loud contention doth his ears assail,
Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;
σ σ The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
To please his eyne are variously array'd;
And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

WINTER.

I.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
For winter hoar her icy chain has flung, σ
And still'd the babbling music of her tongue. —
The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen, σ
Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung; σ
The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen, σ
Like Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

II.

The wareless sheep no longer bite the mead, σ
No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,
At the full crib the horned labourers feed, σ
Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around;
A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
The wily fox doth prowl abroad for prey, σ
Reckless of snares, or of th' avenging hound;
And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

III.

- Where erst the boat, and slowly-moving barge,
Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain, 25
Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,
And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with
flowers,
And milky Wey withouten spot or stain;
There the fair stream that washes Hampton's
bowers,
And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

IV.

- Intent on sport, the ever jocund throng
Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along, 30
Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.
Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
But lusty health in exercise employ.
The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

V.

- The careful hedger looks the fields around
To see what labor may his skill demand;
He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,

Or in long drains he cuts the lower land, — 40
That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,
Doth sit incircled by a goodly band
Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
All chaste as Jove's wise child, as Cupid's mother *of the*
fair.

VI.

She them discourses not of fashions nice,
Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs sing,
Allurements vain, that prompt the soul to vice!
Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;
Too great the subject for so mean a ring. — 50 *rich*
Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;
To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;
Or how the way-ward mother to chastize
When from her vetchy nest the weetless vagrant
hies.

VII.

When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,] 5
And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
Round Damon's eyne a drapet white infold,
He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.
Next Corin hides his head, and must impart — 60
What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.

He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd
heart.

VIII.

Stay I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,
o Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
o [Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss,]
o Will Eur^us stern, the charms of beauty spare?
o No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,
If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
o Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear; /
The mountain ash may stand tho' strip'd of sha
But at the slightest wound the silken flower will fa

POEM VIII.

THE POETICAL CALENDAR.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A.

Late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxon.

Nunc formosissimus annus.

Virg.

Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her Birth-Day in this month. Rural retirement in Spring. Conclusion.

I.

ETHERIAL daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius, ever-gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colors gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a softer vein:
I pant too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

II.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens Nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains to their base:
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children
die?

III.

Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond-
tower,
Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide,
In light embosom'd, happy and secure
From winter-rage, thou chusest to abide;
Blest residence! for there, as poets tell,
The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;
Apollo wakes the Arts, the Muses strike the shell.

IV.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic-dew:
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for th' etherial road;
And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.

V.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers; 34
But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,
Restoring Nature from her palsied state.
April, retire; ne longer, Nature, wait :
Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

VI.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might, 5
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd, and involv'd in flowers :
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb; 40
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom ;
By Venus-self (for Venus-self demands thee) come !

VII.

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bine-groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves ;
By the youths' plainings stealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

VIII.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds, 50
With freshness breathing, by the daisied plains ;

By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial roundelays of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May! ⁶
From heaven descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe
to stay.

IX.

She comes!—A silken camus, 'emral'd-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen) ⁸⁰
And with the labors of the needle glows, ⁸²
Purified by Nature's hand! the amorous air
And musky-western breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair:

X.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
With the gay honors of the Spring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind
Lovesick with odors!—now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mold,
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

XI.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lillies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow, =
With blended beauties, in her angel-face :

The humid radiance beaming from her eyes —
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies,
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

XII.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing Goddess view
Distilling balm: she cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the silver-footed dew, —
The ravages of winter to repair :
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether sails ;
Her bosom breathes delight ; her breath the
spring exhales.

XIII.

All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies, —
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal undulation, flies ;
His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires :
Around their King the plummy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his state :
He towering claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal
height.

XIV.

So round this Phoenix of the gaudy year
A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,
Fluttering in gold along the hemisphere,
Her praises chant ; her praises glad the isles :
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)

Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flowers.

XV.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;
Ah foolish ! still to love the fountain-brim : *100*
Sweet Hyacinth, by Phoebus erst bemoan'd ;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim :
Whate'er, Armida, in thy gardens blew ;
Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

XVI.

He who undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
May gaze upon the solar-blaze at noon !—
What more than female sweetness, and a grace
Peculiar ! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effusion of the day ! *110*
So very much the same, that lovers say,
May is Ianthe ; or the dear Ianthe May.

XVII.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The lesser lamps of night in sheen excell ; *10*
So far in sweetness and in beauty May
Above all other months doth bear the bell :
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in goodlihead,
Above all other-nymphs Ianthe bears the meed.

XVIII.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet wine, — 120
To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:
He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl:
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
He darts into her arms; she smiles away his pain.

XIX.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival: — 130
Fire burns intenser; softer breathes the air;
More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more
fair:
Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladdening impulse
share.

XX.

What boundless tides of splendor o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness, stream their golden rays! — 140
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze:
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been
With colors damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
And all above is blue, and all below is green. — 140

XXI.

At thy approach the wild waves' loud uproar,
And foamy surges of the maddening main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore,
Diffus'd into the level of the plain :
For thee the Halcyon builds her summer's nest ;
For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

XXII.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide,
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
With bright variety of blending dyes ?
White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,
Alternate colors sink, alternate colors rise.

XXIII.

The earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white ;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, died
In Flora's livery, painted by the Light :
Light's painted children in the breezes play,
Unfold their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

XXIV.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll;
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermil-gardens breathe the spicy soul;
Grateful to May the nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odors rise,
The Zephyr's balmy load, perfuming all the skies.

XXV

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labor, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,
And humming in delight, its waxen bowers
Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial
hours.

XXVI.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves,
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with thy generous heat:
The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honors of his mane,
(High arch'd his neck) and snuffing, hopes the dappled train.

XXVII.

Th' aerial songsters sooth the listening groves :
The mellow thrush, the ouzle sweetly shrill, o
And little linnets celebrate their loves — !
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill :
The soaring lark ; the lowly nightingale, o
A thorn her pillow, } trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

XXVIII.

This gay exuberance of the gorgeous spring, o
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale ;
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain, and the breathing
dale :
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,
Yet, unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

XXIX.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me !) the sickly head ?
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan, o
And languish for the pittance poor of bread ? o
O may the man that shall his image scorn, !
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

XXX.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so)
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel :
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ne recks ; but suffers them be
poor. 210

XXXI.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he !
Let honor crown him and eternal rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
Flows out to nourish Innocence distressed :
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries ;
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's
eyes.

XXXII.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
Ne may the boading owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night, 220
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound.
Ne damned ghost affray with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

XXXIII.

Ne Witches rifle gibbets, by the moon, —
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone :
Nor imp in visionary shape, appear, ⁶⁰
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain ;
Ne let Hobgoblin, ne the Ponk profane — 230
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burst-
ing brain.

XXXIV.

Yet fairy-elves (so antient custom's will) ⁷⁰
The green-gown'd fairy-elves, by starry sheen,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave your footsteps on the circled green :
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around ; ⁵
Full featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound :
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no
ground.

XXXV.

Ne bloody rumors violate the ear
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate, 240
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war ;
Ne rueful murder stain thy aera date ;
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight, ⁶⁰
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light, ¹
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

XXXVI.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start:
But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl — 250
Of bounty-head; may never want controul
That good, good honest man, who feeds the fa-
mish'd soul.

XXXVII.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute:
Yet Clio frets and burns, with honest pain,
To rouze and animate the martial strain,
Since William charg'd the foe on fam'd Culloden's
plain.

XXXVIII.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake, — 260
Illustrious Chief! to sound thy mighty name,
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)
Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame:
Mean-while, disdain not (so the virgins pray)
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay,
(Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

XXXIX.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
 Heaping thy crouded way with greens and flowers,
 And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
 To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours :
 Indulge the season, and with sweet repair — ²⁷
 Embay thy limbs, the vernal blessing share :
 Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

XL.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
 The choicest blessings Liberty bestows, —
 When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
 In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes :
 Restor'd with him, the Arts their drooping head
 Gaily again uprear'd ; the Muses shade
 With fresher honors bloom'd, in greener trim ar-
 ray'd. 280

XLI.

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles !
 Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
 Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles, —
 Sweet as the smiling May, Imperial Boy !
 Britannia hopes thee for her future Lord,
 Lov'd as thy Parents, only not ador'd !
 When-e'er a George is born, Charles is again re-
 stor'd.

XLII.

O may his Father's pant for finer fame,
And boundless bounty head to human kind;
His Grandsire's glory, and his Uncle's name, *19*
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind!
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel Victory, Apollo wear the bay.

XLIII.

Thro' kind infusion of celestial power
The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure
Elastic spring, and force within empight:
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move, — 300
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to
love?

XLIV.

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,
And deftly lead the dance along the glade; —
(O may no showers your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the opening, at the closing day,
All hail, ye Bonnibels, to your own season, May.

XLV.

Nor ye absent yourselves; ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May, ³¹⁰
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing :
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies
ring.

XLVI.

Your may-pole deck with flowery coronal;
Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine; ³
And, in the nimble-footed galliard, all, ⁴
Shepherds and shepherdesses lively join :
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair, ³²⁰
From bordering cot and distant glenne repair :
Let youth indulge its sport, to Eld bequeathe its
care.

XLVII.

Ye wanton Dryads, and light-tripping Fawns, ⁵
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lusty-head, ⁶
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread !
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass;
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass, ⁷
Or foot it to the reed : Pan pipes himself apace.

XLVIII.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd, — 330
A quivering splendor on the ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung. b.
The Dolphins gambol o'er the watery way, b.
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play, — 340
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

XLIX.

In honor of her natal month, the Queen
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours, b.
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours. — 346
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;
With rapturous anguish, with an honey'd smart
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on
heart.

L.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
(Myrtles to Venus algates sacred been) — 350
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground, = b.
For ever fragrant and for ever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By beauty form'd for amorous regale:
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale? — 356

LI.

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Thro' mossy grottos, amaranthine bowers,
And form a laughing flood in vale below :
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay,
(When Summer sheds insufferable day)
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of
play.

LII.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy ;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy :
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale ;
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

LIII.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
In light festivity and gladsome game :
The young and gay in frolic troops resort,
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day on night :
Each knight his lady loves, each lady loves her
knight.

LIV.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl, by Beauty's power unmov'd,
Hated of Heaven, of none but Hell approv'd:
O may he never love! O never be belov'd!

LV.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, Wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of
heaven,

LVI.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty, Wit approve,
As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
The best alone is grateful to the best.
Perfection has no other parallel:
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, perdie, shall heaven communion hold
with hell.

LVII.

I sing to you, who love alone for love :
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure !)
Can win ; tho' brighter wit shall never move :
But folly is to wit the certain cure.
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

LVIII.

Not Julia such : she higher honor deem'd
To languish in the Sulmo-Poet's arms,
Than, by the Potentates of earth esteem'd,
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms,
Not Laura such : in sweet Vauclusa's vale
She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale ;
But did poor Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail ?

LIX.

Howe'er that be ; in Acidalian shade,
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day :
No dreams of banishment his loves invade ;
Encircled in eternity of May.
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

LX.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill !
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my stile ;
Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle. 420

LXI.

Come then, Ianthe ! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come ; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,
Inchanting-wild, from every bush and spray :
Swell the green gems, and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

LXII.

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval-streams, 2430
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray ?
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away !)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand
shepherd's play.

LXIII.

Or chuse you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
At once the Muses and the Graces seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odors of the mazy grove: — 440
Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with love.

LXIV.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

LXV.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay, — 450
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The Perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly
gold.

LXVI.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And nature's pencil gay-diversified,
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride ?
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair, 460
Collect and weave, whate'er is sweet and fair),
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

LXVII.

Fair is the lilly, clad in balmy snow ;
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye ;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lillies bow ;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, Ianthé, cruel time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lillies of the breast.

LXVIII.

Weep not ; but, rather taught by this, improve 470
The present freshness of thy springing prime :
Bestow thy graces on the God of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthée ! now, now love thy spring away ;
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

LXIX.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence we wind our way ;
What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
And wide their rural luxury display ! — 489
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and
spires,
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires ;
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

LXX.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
The gladsome lyre, when livelood swell'd my
veins,
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung
In tender elegy, and pastoral strains ;
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,
O green his gardens ! O perfume his flowers !
O bless his morning walks, and sooth his evening
hours ! 490

LXXI.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of Nature, still to virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind !
O very long may Hymen's golden chain . . . 491

To earth confine you and the rural-reign;
Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O
Muse, in vain!

LXXII.

Where-e'er the Muses haunt, or Poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse, — 500
Thy vernal stores, by Poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbine-shade, 5
Of Philomel, sweet warbling from the glade:
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

LXXIII.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian-Twit'nam bowers!) 5
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flowers;
Albe the tuneful master (ah!) be dead. 5
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string: — 570
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

LXXIV.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would chuse to dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail music, which the Muses scant excell;
Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown. —
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales,

Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,
Ye ever-happy scenes ! all you, your Poet hails.

LXXV.

All hail to thee, O May ! the crown of all !
The recompence and glory of my song : 520
Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,
With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay
Fairly bedight, approve the simple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,
May !

POEM IX.

A
FAREWELL HYMNE
TO THE
COUNTRY.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF
SPENSER'S EPITHALAMION.

BY THE REV. R. POTTER.

I.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves among
[The cheereful birds delight to chaunt their laies;] σ
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,] σ
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies; σ
Their tunes attempting to the silver Yare, σ
Which gently murmurs here,
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appeare,
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away, 10
And fomes ore half the sea:
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orchung with
bowres

- σ Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire ;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,
Joy of my calmer howres,
O sooth me with thy murmurs whiles I sing ;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

II.

- With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view
Pranking their silken plumes with conscious pride,
A comely couplement of goodly hew, 20
Come softly swimming down the crystal tide ;
The crystal tide, resplendent as the may,
Looks not so faire as they,
Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,
Or pluck with jettie bill in wanton play
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave ;
Or sdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might
Soyle their pure beauties bright ;
But with slow pomp on the clear surface move. 30
Sweet cygnets, whiter than the new-faln snow
σ That silvers ore Thessalian Pindus brow ;
Purer than those that draw the queen of love,
Fayrer than Læda's Jove,
Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing ;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

III.

- σ Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,
σ Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,

Unbars the golden light-gate of the east,
 And as a bridemaide leads the blushing daye ;
 The sunnes bright harbinger before her goes
 Scattering violet, scattering rose ;

[The jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride,
 Shakes his fair amber locks,] and round him throws
 His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride ;

— Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,
 And daunces up the skie.

[Sweet is the breath of heaven with day-spring borne]
 Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damaskt meads

To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads ;

[Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,]
 That does the leaves adorn ;

Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

IV.

With early step yon verdant slope I tread

• Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health ;
 Whence auntient Norwic rears her towred head,
 Norwic, fair nurse of industrie and wealth !
 Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,

Where truth without disguise,
 Where dove-like peace, and virgin virtue where.

Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes ;

Bacon to Phoebus and the Muses deare,

Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,

This grove-embosom'd seate.

The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,

- σ The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
 σ The corn green-springing, and the fallows scare,
 The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
 From hence enchaunt the sight, 70
 And wake the rural pipe, and tempt to sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

V.

- σ Oft when the eye demure with dewy eye,
 Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
 Assumes the sober empire of the skye,
 σ [The streakt west glimmering to the parting day;
 σ When golden Hesperus, forth-streaming bright,
 The leader of the night,
 Marshals his radiant troopes, and gives command
 In heaven's hie arch their lovely lamps to light; σ
 Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band: *It is*
 When first the youthfull moon begins to show
 New-bent her-blessed bow;
 When, or uprising from her eastern bowre
 Full-orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
 Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud;
 Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
 The silver'd landskip o'er;
 And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring, 90

VI.

- σ Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
 σ Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead,
 Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,

Or the trim margent of the river tread ;
Where the soft murmurs of the poplars tall,
To the streames liquid fall
Attempted sweet, the museful mind delight ;
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight ;
Where the lowe quail with modulation bland 100
Runnes piping ore the land ;
Where, as I stray along the upland ground,
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear ;
Where the mad citties louder mirth I hear, 10
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
The deep bells roar around : 10
In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing ;
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

VII.

Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low, 110
Loosely along the grassie green dispred :
The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,
Rocking the careless birds that on them nest
To gentle, gentle rest ;
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
Of all the tuneful sisters sweetest, best ;
She, soft musitian, thro' th' enchanted dale
Powres dainty-dittied warbling to delight
The stillness of the night.
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade ; 120
In the calme solitude of that still howre

uce) To nature's God, the gratefull soul to powre
 Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade
 By quivering branches made;
 Rapt with the awful thought I cease to sing;
 Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

VIII.

When flaming in the zenith of his powre,
 Darting directly down his fiery ray,
 The hotte sunne, leaving his meridian bowre,
 Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day;
 The gadding herd from such a fervent skie
 To the cool thicket flie,
 Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting;
 Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lie;
 The grasshoppers, blithe insects, daunce and sing;
 The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,
 The damzels quit their rakes,
 And seated where the freshing shade is found
 With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
 Sweet is the quayer'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
 When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
 The vocal vales resound;
 Nor less to me, whiles I essay to sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

IX.

Ye lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,
 Which gently-cooling breezes never blesse;

In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne, σ
 Come here and envy at my littlenesse.
 All on a hanging hill, a simple home,
 For its small tenant roome,
 Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,
 Where pride, and strife, and envie never come,
 Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of love :
 A little garden gives a cool retreat σ
 From the daies powrefull heat ; σ
 Where flowes my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
 Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
 With wanton wreathing decke a daintie shade ;
 While the smooth watry glass, reflecting strong, e'want
 With bending bankes, and shades respondent vies,
 Pointing to downward skies :
 Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

X.

Here bountious nature, like a virgin faire,
 Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green 160
 With cunning colourings of broidery rare
 Sweetly enterchang'd the varied shades atween,
 The grassie groundsoil, as a lovely bride, σ
 Hath richly beautifide,
 Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew, σ
 The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied, σ σ
 The crocus glistering in its golden hew,
 The cowslip drops of Amber weeping still,

- σ The flaunting daffodil,
 σσ The virgin lillie, and the modest rose, — 170
 σ The prettie pink, the red and white yfere;
 Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare;
 σ And the mild zephyr, that emong them blows,
 Around sweet odors throws,
 Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing, —
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XI.

- Bee
 The chemist bee with busy murmurings
 Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
 Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
 All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre; 180
 The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
 In melting murmurs plaine;
 Sweet birds of such a swaine to be the care,
 The sootest he that ever chaunted straine, 185
 Or with the gladful pipe enthrald the ear;
 Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round,
 With their own girlonds crown'd;
 The nymphes that haunt the river and the grove,
 Whether his skilful reed he sweetly charms,
 Or strikes the sounding lyre, and sings of arms, 190
 Apollo him, and him the Muses love
 Their own blest quire above:
 Ah! would they deigne their visits whiles I sing;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XII.

Here the poetic birds no fear molests :
 Did I, sweet tenants of my garden, say,
 With ruthlesse hand ere marre your prettie nests,
 Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away ?
 For you my trees the spring's gay livery wear,
 For you the ripening year
 Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
 And tempers the rich honie of the pear ;
 For you the laughing vine with nectar flows ;
 For you the permain, comely to behold,
 Glows with irradiate gold,
 The burnisht bough vermilioning ; for you
 The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung ;
 Well have you paid me, for you well have sung.
 On nature's musick shall we not bestowe
 Gifts we to nature owe ?
 Fond of our fellow poets while they sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XIII.

An academic leisure here I find
 With learning's lore to discipline my youth ;
 By virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind,
 To seek and love the wise man's treasure, truth.
 Oft too thy hallow'd sons enthroned hie,
 O peerlesse poesie !
 Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight ;
 He first, the glorious child of libertie,

o Maconian Milton, beaming heavenly bright ;
 He who full fetously the tale ytold,
 The Kentish Tityrus old ;
 And he above the pride of greatness great,
 o Sweet Cowley, with the gentlest spirit blest]
 That ever breath'd a calme in humane brest ;
 o Who the poor muses richest manor seat
 The garden's mild retreat,
 Wrapt in the arms of quiet lov'd to sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XIV.

alleg. f. And he, forth-beaming thro' the mystic shade
 In all the might of magic sweetly strong ;
 o Who steep'd in teares the pitious lines he made,]
 tender f. The tenderest bard that ere empassion'd song :
 Or when of love's delights he cast to play,
 Couth deftly dight the lay ;
 And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,
 Bound trew-love-wise to grace his bridale day,
 With dainty carrols hymn'd this happy bride ;
 Lov'd Spenser, of trew verse the well-spring sweet !
 The footing of whose feet
 I, painefull follower, assay to trace.
 Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lillies bring,
 With all the purple pride of all the spring ;
 And make great store of poses trim, to grace
 f. The prince of poets race ;
 And hymen, hymen, io hymen sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XV.

Witness ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,
Th' unmov'd quiet of my silver daies, 250 = c
Free here from all the cares, and all the pains
Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies :
There falsing forgery, and foule defame, 5
And lust of slanderous blame ;
There cancred tongues, school'd in th' ungracious art 5
To blast the bloosme of a well-deemed name ;
Their malice wonneth deep in hollow hart ;
Ambition there and pride, the lies of life,
Sleek guile, and carled strife :
Away plain honestie of simple eye, 260
And dove-like peace that calms the shepherd's day ; 5
Away each science, and each muse away,
And single truth, and sunne-bright honour flie : = 5
And lovely libertie :
Here then, sweet shade, O shield me whiles I sing ;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XVI.

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine, 5
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
The world's gay shews forgiving, charm'd the plaine, 5
Withouten envie, and withouten strife : 270
All on a knot-grass bank, ore arched hie 5
With ivy-canopic,
And with wild roses richly well inwove, 5
He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie ; 5

When, lo! the favouring genius of the grove,
 Fair Physis nam'd, to his entranced sight
 Appeared heavenly bright :

Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,
 With budding flowrets perled all atween,
 And shaded with a daintie girlond green ; 250
 And aye in green she did herself attire :
 Beneath her feet in youthful rich array

σ A voluntary May
 Threw sweets, threw flowres ; the birds more joyous
 sing ;
 ∴ The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring.

XVII.

Then with a smile that brighten'd all the shade,
 Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand,
 Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid
 Break then thy rural pipe at her command :

σ These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire, 270
 And thy sweet-streaming yare

Must charm no more ; no more the hallow'd cell,
 ∴ Where white-rob'd peace, and free-born fancy faire
 σ With sacred solitude delight to dwell.

Wake then the spark of glorious great intent
 In action excellent

That fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine :

In all the depths of useful lore engage,
 To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age :

Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline, 300
 For all those paths are mine.

Change then the straine ; to hill, to valley tell
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XVII.

But, ah ! beware ; for in this goodly chace
A vile enchauntress spreads her vaine delights ;
With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights :
And sooth she is to view a lady faire,
Of beauty past compare :
And aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,
Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song ;
But sacred science, tender love, trew fame,
And honor's heaven-born flame
They know not ; yet the pompous name vertù
To th' idle pageant give : she cruel prowde
Deals magic charmes among the carelesse crowd,
And does them all to hideous apes transmew.
But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,
For Physis is thy guide :
Come then : to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XVIII.

To Cosme's polish'd court thy steps I'll lead,
My sister she, tho' oft we strangers seem ;
Far otherwise of us the wise aread,
But follies feeble eyes of things misdeem.
The straw-roof'd cott, the pastur'd mead I love,

The mavis-haunted grove,
 [The moss-clad mountaine hoar,] a rugged scene ;
 Along the streamlet's mazy margent rove, 330
 That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween :
 She thro' the manner'd cittie powres the flame
 Of high atchieved fame,
 The star-bright guerdon of the great and good ;
 And breathes her vivid spirit in the mind
 Whose generous aimes extend to all mankind,
 And vindicate the worth of noble blood ;
 Such as, in bowre Lycaean holding place,
 The man of Spargrove grace :
 Come then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell, 340
 Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XIX.

Als like a girlond her enring around
 The sphere-born Muses lyring heavenly strains ;
 The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,
 A trinal band that concord sweet maintains ;
 And who is she that, placed them atween,
 Seems a fourth grace I ween ?
 So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced
 In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.
 Each science too with verdant bay leaves graced, 350
 With honour brought from Attic land again,
 Adorns the radiant train.
 Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire :
 But bring the cherub Innocence along,
 And Contemplation sage, on pineon strong

High-soaring ore yon lamping orb of fire—
Thus pip'd the Doric oate, while echoes shrill, *= and pipe*
To fountaine, dale, and hill
Resyllabbling the notes, this burden tell, *= to recite*
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell. 360

POEMS
IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEMS
IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEM I.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

*Nas quoniam coeli nondum dignamur honore
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus.*

Now had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime
Above the walls of Heav'n, begun to sound ;
All aether took the blast, and Hell beneath
Shook with the noise ; th' Almighty host
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood
Of guilty Cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,
Pause at the known command of sounding gold
At first they close the wide Tartarean gates,
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge
Roll creaking horrible ; the din beneath
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.
Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing
They cut their shining traces up to light :
Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day.
Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,
And with eternal gleam drive back the night.

They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd
In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,
Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light 20
Moult from their shuddering wings and sickly fear
Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt
Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast
Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven
Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn
Voluminous, on jasper columns hung
By geometry divine : they ever glow
With living sculptures, that arise by turns
T' imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set 30
To give succeeding argument their place ;
In holy Hieroglyphics on they move,
The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass
Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.
Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard
Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll
Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit sits
Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,
In just divisions breaks the numerous jarr
With symphony melodious, such as spheres 40
Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Outflows a blaze of glory : for on high
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,
Vast and majestic ; on each radiant side

The pointed rays slope glittering ; at the foot
Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,
In liquid torrents through the black abyss,
Sparkling among reluctant shapes which thence
Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes
With inward torments, and disgorges flames, — 60
O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves
Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll
Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea ;
Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar
To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild
Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright
Of past, of present, and of coming time
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present
An endless landscape of created things — 60
To sight celestial, where angelic eyes
Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range,
Boundless and various, in its bosom bears
Millions of full proportion'd worlds, beheld
With stedfast eyes, till more arise to view, —
And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed
In numerous order, to celestial song.
Above, the symphony of mellow flutes, — 70
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend

The solemn sounds in harmony divine ;
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws
To globes on high, and the just figure guide
Of planets forming all their airy dance.
Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er
The starry pavement ; stars and hills of light
Double their glories where the chariot rolls
With rattling sound ; and th'empyraeum vast
Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout
Under the burning tracts, 'till now it rests
Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there
With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues ; a deep and awful pause
More terrible, all expectation held
In horror ; now wrath imminent amaz'd
With dreadful precipice, to all it seems
More formidable near ; then from the throne
A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God, 70
Majestically long, repugnant all
To princes' customs here ; their judgments flash
On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.
Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech
Set wide the fate of things ; that all around
Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and Virtues great in arms ;
We approve your faithful works, and you return
Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;
Resolv'd, oddurate, they have try'd the force 100
/

Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r;
 Transfix'd with lightning down they sunk, they fell
 Into the fiery gulf, and deep they plunge
 Below the burning waves, to hide their heads
 In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence
 More fierce, and scorching with more dreadful fires.
 There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy
 Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace :
 Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn
 Of heavenly day ; instead, the mind imbibes — 110
 Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,
 Can find no ease ; while fierce their boiling rage
 Eats through th' imperial mould, and glows within
 With endless pain ; not one repentant thought
 Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,
 The soul anneals and hardens in the fire.

But you commission'd by commands divine,
 Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all
 Within the fervid lake, lest any roam
 Into the dark abyss to shun their doom, — 120
 And in the womb immense of things unborn
 Should seek annihilation ; you must rise
 Among the shining Virtues more sublime ;
 On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng ! that lately join'd —
 In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,
 And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,
 Superior in their order ; you accept,

Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.
When the long æra once has fill'd its orb, — 130
You shall emerge to light, and humbly here
Again shall bow before his favouring throne,
If your own virtue second my decree :
But all must have their manes first below,
So stands th' eternal fate, But smother yours —
Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,
Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;
For forms celestial new erect in glory
Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,
Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight. — 144

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep
A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout
The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power
There swift turns the burning eddy round,
Absorbing all crude matter near its brink : —
Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form
I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds
All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise
Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,
Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims — 150
Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.
The middle point a globe of curling fire
Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;
Where'er I kindle life the motion grows
In all the endless orbs from this machine ;
And infinite vicissitudes shall roll
About the restless center ; for I rear,

In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,
Defo'm'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops
Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps — 160
Hover within their boughs, to choak the light ;
Impervious scenes of horror, till reform'd
To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,
By your continual pains. The torrid zone
Here fries with constant heat the swarthy world :
Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,
And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,
Stretch their uncertain heaps ; no less the frost
At either end shall rage, and high shall raise
Firm promontories ; vast the ruins seem — 170
Of desart nature, and th' eternal piles
Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,
Arm either pole, that yearly peeps askance
On coming light, but feels no gentle ray
Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie
The changeful climes, alternately they burn,
And chill again by turns ; for both extremes
Make their incursions here : and this my will
Unchangeable ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath mishapen Chaos, and the field — 180
Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,
Wage an eternal war with dismal roar ;
The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,
Sacred to horror, and eternal night :
Here Silence sits, whose visionary shape

In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,
And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head;
An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,
Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd :
Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts
Of those forgetful streams, till forms within, ¹⁹⁰
And all the great ideas fade and die :
For if vast thought should play about a mind
Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,
Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage, —
It soon would break its gates and wing away :
'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return
Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,
To visit the new world ; and straight to feel
Itself, in crude consistence closely shut, — ²⁰⁰
The dreadful monument of just revenge ;
Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect
On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round
With walls of clay : th' aetherial mould shall bear
The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,
Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.
Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,
And all the haughty movements, rise and fall,
As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul ;
And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns ²¹⁰
Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,
With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,
As matter leads the dance ; but one desire,
Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys .

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,
 Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay
 On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,
 That longer for the destin'd body wait,
 Less penance I expect ; and short abode
 In those pale dreary kingdoms will content ; 220
 Each has his lamentable lot, and all,
 On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove :
 Nightly he visits all the silvan scenes,
 Where far remote, a melancholy moon
 Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,
 Throws here and there her glimmerings through the
 'trees, •
 To make more awful darkness. Starry lights,
 Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn
 A pale sad influence ; and they gild the plains 230
 With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades
 A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The sage shall haunt this solitary ground,
 And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within
 In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light. —
 Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,
 Contracted through the cranny of an eye,
 Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat,
 Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,
 Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd, — 240
 Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides

O'er jarring images with Reason's sway,
Which by his ordering more confounds their form;
And by decisions more embroils the fray :
The more he strives t' appease, the more he feels
The struggling surges of the darksome void
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,
A Chaos of wild silence, where sometimes
The clashing notions strike out casual light, 150
Which soon must perish and be lost again
In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries
With all his might to raise some weighty thought,
Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,
Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.
High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue
Of fleeting images he draws in vain
To wond'rous length ; (for still the turning maze
Eludes his art) its end flies far away,
And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path, 260
Returning oft on the same beaten thought,
For much of good he talks, and life serene,
Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste
Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast,
Stubborn in anguish ; idle wisdom all,
Weak sorcery to charm a real pain ;
Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks
Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts
He kindles doubt ; and while he strives to blow
The ashes off, revives the brand of care. 270

Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noisy race
In cities full and frequent take their seat,
Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd
With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within
A tempest, and, driven onward by success, —
Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day
Stretch their wide cares to ages ; full increase
Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound
Fills the ambitious ; *that* shall ever shrink,
Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell 280
To tympany enormous. Bright in arms
Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads
A martial throng, his instruments of rage,
To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.
Ambition drives, and round the world he roams.
Marking his way with blood ; the dreadful noise
Begets a fame ; and all the breath he leaves
Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats
The tyrant's soul ; while high his kingdoms rise
In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings 290
Around the servile globe, that tamely bends
Beneath his haughty reign ; and all his slaves
Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan
Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar
With human voice disguis'd ; earth, water, fire,
Are made (dire elements of cruelty !)
Subservient to his lust, and power to kill :
Yet shall the herd endure, nor dare to break
United their imaginary chain ;
While their great monarch chills with equal fears, 300

No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes
The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares
Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,
Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,
And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power. —
But death shall shift those scenes of misery;
Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,
And urge on ling'ring fate; the ensigns blaze
About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,
Prepare a solemn way to griezly war; — 310
Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks
Erect their shining heads, and round the field
A harvest's ~~seen~~ of formidable death;
Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst
Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans
Of men below that roll in certain death;
These are the mortal sports, the tragic plays
By man himself embroil'd; the dire debate
Makes the waste desert seem serene and mild,
Where savage nature in one common lies, — 320
By homely cots possess'd; all squalid, wild,
And despicably poor, they range the field,
And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,
Cheated by flying prey; and now they tear
Their panting flesh; and now with nails unclean
They tug their shaggy beards; and deeply quaff
Of human woe, even when they rudely sip
The flowing stream, or chew the savoury pulp
Of nature's freshest viands; fragrant fruits
Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger sought. 330

But where th' appointed limits of a law
Fences the general safety of the world,
No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,
In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er
His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,
Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train
Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind
To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn
Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs
Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads
Of punishment and crime deform the world,
And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throes
He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears
And infant cries prelude his future woes ;
And all is one continu'd scene of grief,
Till the sad sable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close
Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings
Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,
Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands
Afraid to leap into the opening gulf
Of future fate, till all the banks of clay
Fall from beneath his feet : in vain he grasps
The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish,
Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp
(Which with its sickly fires would shoot its beams
To distances unknown, and stretch its rays
Askance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)
Is sunk into his socket ; inly there

It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame — 3/10
Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world
• Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire
Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade
Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face. —
Music shall cease, and instruments of joy
Shall fail that sullen hour ; nor can the mind
Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,
Confus'd and crush'd with cares : for long shall seem
The dreary road, and melancholy dark, — 3/9
That leads he knows not where. Here empty space
Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb
All being : yonder sooty demons glare,
And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout
Of wild imagination dance and play —
Before his eyes obscure : till all in death
Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,
Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,
And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds — 3/80
The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host
Approve the high decree, and loud they sing
Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,
Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,
Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there
For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.

POEM II.

IL BELLICOSO.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

M DCC XLIV.

HENCE! dull lethargic Peace,
Born in some hoary Beadsman's cell obscure;
Or in Circaean bowers,
Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease;
Hie to congenial climes, —
Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns;
Or where Italian swains,
'Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,
Lull their ambrosial hours,
And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes. /
'But rouse, thou God by Furies drest,
In helm with Terror's plumed crest,
In adamant steel bedight,
Glistening formidably bright,
With step unfix'd and aspect mild;
Jealous Juno's raging child,
Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
By touch of rare Olenian flower:

Oft the Goddess sigh'd in vain,
Envy'ing Jove's prolific brain, — 29
And oft she stray'd Olympus round,
Till this specific help she found;
Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,
To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,
There teems thee forth, of nervous mold,
Haughty, furious, swift, and bold;
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
The world from Pleasures flowery thrall.
Come then, Genius of the war,
Roll me in thy iron car; — 30
And while thy coursers pierce the sky,
Breathing fury as they fly,
Let courage hurry swift before,
All stain'd around with purple gore,
And Victory follow close behind,
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
While high above, fair Fame assumes
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
Then let the trumpet swell the note,
Roaring rough thro' brazen throat; — 40
Let the drum sonorous beat,
With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet;
Boxen hautboys too be found,
Nor be miss'd the fifes shrill sound;
Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain,
Solace sweet to Highland swain.
Whether on some mountain's brow,
Now squeaking high, now droning low,

He plays deft lilt to Scottish lass
Tripping it o'er the pliant grass ; 50
Or whether in the battle's fray,
He lively pipes a bolder lay ;
The bolder lay (such magic reigns
In all its moving Phrygian strains)
Disperses swift to all the train
Fury stern, and pale disdain
Strikes every fire from every mind,
Nor leaves one latent spark behind.
Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gaudy streamers wave around, 60
Where Britain's ensigns high displayed,
Lend the earth a crimson shade ;
And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,
Glitter in the solar ray ;
Here I'll join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around ;
Or as they pitch the massy bar ;
Or teach the disk to whizz in air ; 70
And when night returns, regale
With chat full blunt and chirping ale ;
While some voice of manly base
Sings my darling Chevy-Chace ;
How the child that 's yet unborn
May rue earl Percy's hound and horn ;
How Witherington in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps ;

And many a knight and 'squire full gay
At morn, at night were clad in clay ; — 89
While first and last we join and sing,
“ God prosper long our noble king ! ”
And when midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments on the ground,
Hence I'll, for a studious seat,
To some strong citadel retreat ;
By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And battery strong, and battlement !
There, in some state-room richly dight
With mailly coats and faulchions bright, 90
Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,
And a whole army's glittering dress,
While the taper burneth blue,
(As Brutus' erst was wont to do)
Let me turn the ample page
Of some grave historic Sage,
Or in Homer's sacred song
Mix the Grecian Bards among ;
Nestor wise with silver'd head,
And Ajax stern, and Diomed, 109
And many more, whose wonderous might
Could equal e'en the Gods in fight ;
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
Or lofty Lucan wrapt in fire ;
But rather far let Shakspeare's Muse
Her genuine British fires diffuse ;
And briskly with her magic strain
Hurry me to Gallic plain,

Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds ;
Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads 110
His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,
To Agincourt's immortal field.
But when th' embattled troops advance,
O Mars, my every thought entrance !
Guide me, thundering, martial God.
Guide thro Glory's arduous road !
While hailing bullets round me fly,
And human thunders shake the sky,
While crowds of heroes heap the ground,
And dying groans are heard around, 120
With armor clanking, clarions sounding,
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding ;
Guide me, thundering, martial god,
Guide through Glory's arduous road !
But should on land thy triumphs cease,
Still lead me far from hated Peace ;
Me bear, dread Power, for warlike sport,
To some wave-incircled fort ;
Or (if it yield more open sight)
To some hoar promontory's height, 130
Whose eye arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,
Where Tritons blue and Naiads green,
Sportive from their coral cave,
Through the fluid chrystal lave :
There eagerly I ken from far
All the waste of naval war,
And catch a sympathetic rage,
While the numerous fruits engage,

And every distant shore rebounds
To the cannons' rattling sounds, 1240
And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
And thousand fates around her sends,
And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,
Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
Then let black clouds above my head,
With gleams of scarlet thick be spread,
With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,
Suit the spleen that shades my soul.
There too let cranes, a numerous flight,
With beaks and claws rage bloody fight, 1250
And airy knights from every cloud
Prick forth, their armor rattling loud ;
With blazing swords and comets drear,
Dragging a trail of flaming hair ;
Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam
Over besieg'd Jerusalem,
Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,
And if old Sages rightly spell,
Were ever deemed to foreshow
Changes in our realms below. 1260

And when at length cold creeping Age
Freezes the torrent of my rage,
Let me live amongst a crew
Of invalids, of kindred hue !
Of some main limb bereft by War,
Or blest with some deep glorious scar ;
Scar, that endless glory draws

From Liberty and Albion's cause :
Then oft well pleas'd with them retire
To circle round a sea-coal fire, — 176
And all our past campaigns recite,
Of Vigo's sack, and Blenheim's fight ;
How valiant Rooke majestic trod,
How Marlbro' thunder'd half a God !
And then, with sage prophetic eye, —
In future battles to descry,
That Britain shall not fail to yield
Equal generals for the field ;
That France again shall pour her blood,
And Danube roll a purpled flood. 180

And when my children round me throng,
The same grand theme shall grace my tongue ;
To teach them, should fair England need
Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed ;
And, as I speak, to mark with joy —
New courage start in every boy ;
And gladsome read in all their eyes,
Each will a future hero rise.
These delights if Mars afford,
Mars, with thee I whet my sword. 190

POEM III.

IL PACIFICO.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,

MDCCLVIII.

By the Same.

HENCE ! pestilential Mars,
Of sable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
On Matter's formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars :
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in
fire,
Precipitate retire ;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Achron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair Peace ! so mild and meek, ^{—10}
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek ;
That on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending,
Gently o'er thy favorite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand :

To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring :
Spring, like that, which poets feign
Gilded Saturn's easy reign : 20
For Saturn's first-born daughter thou ;
Unless, as later bards avow,
The youthful God with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :
For, banish'd erst heaven's star-pav'd floor,
(As sings my legendary lore)
As Phoebus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,
Pensive 'midst a savage train
(For savage then was all the plain) 30
Fair Harmonia left her bower,
To join her radiant paramour :
Hence didst thou spring : and at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fan'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar.
And man from fiercer rage possest,
Smil'd dissension from his breast.
She comes, she comes, ye nymphs prepare,
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair : 40
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly-footed saraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simpering lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.

But see, her social smiling train
Now invests th' inraptur'd plain !
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn ; *50*
Commerce spreads his amplest sail ;
Strong-nerv'd Labor lifts his flail ;
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
He shall my youngling footsteps lead—
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To shear and wash their fleecy care, *60*
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-cropt ground :
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
Cock the hay upon the green ;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains—
Drive slow along their rolling wains
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the ponderous axle crack)
Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill, *70*
Where the answering flails rebound,
Beating bold with thundering sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'rets green ;
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,—
O'er my noon-tide cool retreat ;

Or bind the oak with ivy-twine ;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms, which simple nature wants, — 80
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some rang'd academy :
There to give to arts refin'd
All the impulse of my mind :
And oft-observant take my stand, —
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to every part,
Till, with nice tints all labor'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye ; 90
Oft too, O ! let me nice inspect
The draughts of justest architect :
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mould the ductile brass ;
Or teach the Parian stone to wear
A letter'd Sage's musing air,
But ah ! these arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome
Tho' strange beseems, that arts shou'd spread
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade : 100
And stranger far that arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore

The busy mind's ideal store ;
There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day.
To mark the vagrant comet's road,
And thro' his wonders trace the God, 110
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amidst the cloysters silent gloom ;
Or, where rank'd oaks their shade diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,
Recalling oft some heaven-born strain. —
That warbled in Augustan reign ;
Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage,
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Carol his easy love-lay light. 120
Yet let not all my pleasure lie
Confin'd to one Phoebeian joy ;
But ever give my fingers wings,
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bower to tune the lay ;
While list'ning birds crowd every spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting spread ;
Save but the turtles, they alone,
With tender plaintive faithful moan, 130
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love :
Sweet birds ! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye constant pair ! I love to note

Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
And ye unheard from sidelong hills
The liquid lapse of whispering rills,
I list to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse. — 145
Thus summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the cities social walls
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds —
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings:
And every man and every boy,
Briskly join in warm employ, — 150
Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
Or to yon wharf; aside the moat,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,
And others hastening into bay, —
Swell their sails in fair array:
Wafting to Albion's sons the store
That each Peruvian mine can pour;
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames, — 160
Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these if Peace inspire,
Peace, with thee I string the lyre.

POEM IV.

L'AMOROSO.

BY, THE REV. MR. P.

HENCE ! unrelenting Cares,
That haunt the proud, and rend the miser's breast,
And far expel delightful rest,
And bring disquiet, sleepless nights, and starting
fears ;

Hence ! and that mind controul,
Where sickly Pining takes her hated seat,
With Grief and Dread ; companions meet :
There, far from me, exert thine iron sway,
And every tedious night and day
Reign o'er the heart, and occupy the soul. 10
But come, thou Goddess, fond and free,
Auspicious Love, and dwell with me,
Thou whom, with thy wreathed shell,
Old Ocean bore (as Poets tell)
While round thee, beauteous, blooming Maid,
Deftly the frisking dolphins play'd.
Come, and bring thy wanton Boy,
Cause of fondness, source of joy,

And bid him take that golden dart,
 That erst transfix'd Apollo's heart, 20
 When, with full force and winged speed,
 O'er tufted lawn, and flowery mead,
 Now slow, with long toil, up some steep,
 Now down precipitately deep,
 Thro' many a grove, and many a glade,
 The God pursued the flying Maid.
 Bring besides thy joyous Train,
 Soft supporters of thy reign,
 Wanton Smiles, Endearments charming,
 Mirth and Coyness unalarming, 30
 Whispers, Kisses, Sighs, and Fears,
 Lovely Looks and trickling Tears,
 Joy of festive, sprightly mien,
 And Innocence of look serene;
 Thy smiling Train can never cloy,
 If led by Innocence and Joy.
 Permit me, Goddess, fond and free,
 To join with them, and join with thee;
 Ever present, ever by,
 Thus let me live, thus let me die. 40
 Rise we when the meek-eyed morn
 Doth the spangled meads adorn;
 When every bird, from every spray,
 Tunes various his love-labour'd lay.
 Lo! from yon cloud the flaming sun
 'Gins his stated course to run,
 Brightening rays incessant streaming,
 Dew-drops sparkling, twinkling, beaming,

Refreshed Nature smiles anew,
And brings her brightest charms to view. *57*
On Delia thinking will I stray,
Heedless, where I chuse the way,
Over distant hills and dales,
Bleating mountains, lowing vales ;
By silent river, rolling flood, —
Fringed meadow, waving wood,
Where Flora does her sweets dispense,
And different prospects please the sense.
While sturdy oxen, grazing nigh,
With loud lowings fill the sky ; — *60*
And the swallow skims the ground,
And the lambkin bleateth round,
And many a cuckow's echoing note
Wavering to the ear doth float.
Such pleasing sounds and sights inspire
Glowing love and soft desire.
Sweet hour of pleasure ! then, to chuse,
Breathe the soft strain, and court the Muse,
Fairest Delia be my theme,
By some whispering, silver stream, *70*
That thro' the painted meads doth stray,
And swiftly trickling winds away.
And when the sun, exalted high,
Fierce-glowing, measures half the sky ;
Oft, oh ! my Delia, will we rove
Along some close-embowred grove—
Oh ! the soft joys that fill the breast !
(Joys, the sweetest and the best)

When, by all-powerful Love excited,
Each delighting, each delighted, ~ 80
We sit within some thick-wove bower
Full fragrant made by many a flower !
With thrilling pleasure I the while
Eye the kind glance, or dimpling smile ;
Or oft, in sweet suspension hung,
Catch the music of her tongue,
Else in sweet notes briskly moving,
Airy, fluttering, wild, and roving,
Thrice and four times, and again
Both chaunt to Love the pleasing strain. 90
Or if the garden's flowery pride
Call our vagrant steps aside,
Here unnumber'd charms invite,
Roses red, and lillies white ;
Here, 'mid blooming fragrance straying,
Sweetly smiling, fondly playing,
Oft my willing hands prepare
Odorous garlands for my Fair,
And mix, around the Charmer's head,
The lilly's white, the rose's red : — 100
While Love inspires each warbler's throat,
Smooths the strain, or swells the note,
All around, and all above,
All is Joy, for all is Love.

But when the cooling evening breeze —
Moves gently the reluctant trees,
Then will we oft-times stray unseen

By winding walks of willows green,
And there the charms of music prove,
For music is the food of love : — 120
Inspiring oft the warbling flute,
Now with complaining strains that suit
The vexed thoughts and barbed care
Of fixed, sullen, deep Despair ;
Now more luxuriant strains employ, —
Quickening Love, and brightening Joy ;
Such as might the soul beguile,
And make disturbed sorrow smile ;
Now the music varying floats,
Then stops : anon more still the notes, 130
Smooth and languid, soft and low,
Tender, trilling, sweet and slow,
Keep on the long-continued sound,
And charm attention all around.
Strait my breast hath caught new pleasures,
Throbs my pulse in fluttering measures,
Grief defeated and retiring,
Joys my raptur'd heart inspiring,
While my whole soul, devoid of care,
Hangs all-enamour'd on the Fair, — 140
And she, well-pleas'd, my looks surveys,
And plays and smiles, and smiles and plays.

When night's brown shades invite to rest,
And nature sinks by sleep oppress'd,
Then too, oh let me fond repair
To flowery meadows with my Fair,

Let mimic Fancy paint her charms,
And bring my Angel to my arms,
Let us together secret stray ;
And all the night react the day.

Auspicious Goddess, fond and free,
Bestow these pleasures all on me,
(for sure these pleasures thou canst give,)
And, Love, with thee I'll chuse to live.

POEM V.

THE *APPROACH OF SUMMER.*

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste !
Haste to thy polar solitude ;
'Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
rude,

From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers ;
Amid whose howling isles and halls,
Were no gay sun-beam paints the walls, !o
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy Train retreat :
Thy ruthless Host stern Eurus guides, -
That on a ravenous tyger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn,
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue : - 20

And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen ;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, Farewell ! thy forests hoar, —
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;
Farewell the fields so bare and wild,
But come thou rose-cheek'd Cherub mild,
Sweetest summer ! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year. — 36
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,
To gather balm of choicest dews, —
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery ;
To cull the essence of rich smells,
In which to dip his new-born bells ; — 40
There, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed, —
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You look'd a Goddess debonair ;
And then he gave the blessed Isle,

Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile : — 50
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, Nymph! and hand-in-hand
With thee lead a buxom Band ;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy. 60
Leisure, that thro' the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace, 70
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river margins, mossy green, — 75
But who is she that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain ?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands :
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dews,
Their wings all ting'd in Iris-hues ;

With-whom the Powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way. — 86

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Hasdrest the groves in livery green,
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood, 90
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts. 100
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume!

Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :
Nor want there notes of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell : 110
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiffs bark from bosom'd cot :
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep-embattled ears of corn :
Round ancient elm with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarm rejoice.
Meantime a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the west !
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour, 120
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seem its arched windows blaze :
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light :
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in extasies ;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views, 130
And fainter shapes of pensive Joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;
Wandering thro' the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill ;

And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs her fairy lamp.

But when the Sun at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tower ; — 140
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath :
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down,
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around ? 150
And see thee team shrill-tinkling pass
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,
When the bright sun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And chear'd reviving Nature's form ;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue :
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail, — 160
While as I walk, from pearly bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue :

And so loud the black-bird sings, —
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ; 140
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, againts restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak —
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
Which as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dew around : — 180
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps —
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day ;
Sore sighs the weary swain beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath ; 190
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve !

Mean time on Afric's glowing sands,
 Smote with keen heat the traveller stands:
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he wish some cooling wave
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave! 200
 And thinks in every whisper low.
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude!
 There within a nook most dark,
 Where none my musing mood may mark,
 Let me, in many a whisper'd rite,
 The Genius old of Greece invite,
 With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
 Which for his chosen imps he twin'd, 210
 Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
 On clear Ilyssus' laureat shore—
 Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
 The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
 Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
 In the midst, with sedges grey
 Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way. 220

And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an easy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :
Nor aught alarms the mute repose, —
Save that by fits an heifer lows,
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage ;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On Virtue's holy lore to muse. — 230

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please ;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn :
Or bower, in Vallambrosa's shade, —
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide 24
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior-guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,

Might I that holy legend find, 250
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal ;
Let not my dew feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace ; 260
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear ;
O ! every village-charm beneath !
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !
O beauteous, rural interchange !
The simple spire and elmy grange !
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers, 270
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,

How glows my mind the reed to take !
What charms like thine the Muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ; 260
With whom each field 's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss !
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloysters let me leave —
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys where mild whispers use ;
Of shade and stream to court the Muse ;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge. — 290

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose, —
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease ! 300
Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart :
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
 Send me a little and content ;
 The faithful friend, and chearful night,
 The social scene of dear delight : 310
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit :
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Graecia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :
 To spurn the shepherds's simple reeds,
 And paint heroic ancient deeds : 320
 To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in sable mail.
 Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie,
 Let me live true votary !
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland !
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head : 330
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.

She shall be my blooming bride, —
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever rapt in holy trance.

NOTES

ON

POEMS

IMITATIVE OF SPENSER;
AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEM I.

Page 4. *HER* mantle wimples—] *Wimples*. A word used by Spenser for *hung down*. The line inclosed within comma's is one of Fairfax's in his Translation of *Tasso*.

4. ————— *Dreary-head*] Gloominess.

ib. ————— *Hardy-head*.] Courage.

POEM II.

Page 19. *Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,
With each historic grace, shall shine thro'
ev'ry age.*] The Rev. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, and Bishop Latimer, and of the lives of Wicliff, and the principal of his followers.

ib. *Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss*] See Revelation, chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Bi-

shop of Bristol's comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his Dissertation on the Prophecies.

POEM III.

Page 21. The Author of this Poem was of Hertford College, Oxford, where he took his master's degree in 1743, and died in 1768.

POEM V.

Page 42. This Poem, written by the celebrated Author of Phædra and Hippolytus, was first published in 1751.

44. *What means that monstrous man, which Babel's King]* Alluding to some of the visions, and allegories in the Old Testament.

45. *Nor did he only turn the sacred page]* Alluding to his travels into the Eastern Parts.

POEM VI.

Page 49. The particulars of his brother's shipwreck are thus related by the late Dr. Cuming of Dorchester. Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the Suecia, a Swedish East-India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles East of the island of North Ronaldsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18, 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were

never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of a hundred, the ship's compliment.

The Author of this and several other Poems of merit was one of sixteen children, and the son of Joseph Boyse, a Dissenting minister of Dublin, well known for his controversial writings with Archbishop King, and his orthodox persecution of the excellent Emlyn. Samuel, born in 1708, after receiving his grammatical education in Dublin, was sent at eighteen to the college at Glasgow, where, marrying before he was twenty, he returned to Dublin, and by his extravagant conduct impoverished his father. Quitting again the place of his nativity, to which he had rendered himself a disgrace, he returned to Scotland, and in 1731, published at Edinburgh a volume of Poems, which procured him reputation, an introduction to the Great, and a recommendation to Pope from the Dutchess of Gordon. Of the latter, however he never availed himself. As he depended for subsistence on his pen, it must be expected that his productions would be more numerous than excellent. One however in particular deserves to be mentioned, *viz.* THE DEITY, which was recommended by Fielding in Tom Jones, and handsomely spoken of by Mr. Pope. The vices of the Author being such as to reduce him to the extremity of want, it became his practice, after having pawned his clothes for the sake of pampering his appetite, to sit up in bed with his arms through the blankets and thus procure the necessaries of life. In this situation, holding a

a pen, this unhappy man was found dead at his lodgings in Shoe-lane, where he was buried in 1749, at the Parish expence.

50. *Patience*—] The first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of *Necessity*, or *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies. B.

51. *We found ourselves on Thulè's sky-girt coast :*] *Thulè* is here taken for the *Orkney* Isles. B.

ib. ——— *Silence*——] The second allegorical person, and sister of *Patience*. B.

54. *We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,*] The pinnacle was probably driven into the Great Ocean that lies to the westward of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished. B.

56. *Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle*] The *Færoe* Isles, subject to Denmark. See Bede's Description of them. B.

57. *Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind Patience whisper'd me our host was call'd
Content.*] The third allegorical figure introduced. B.

59. *And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,*] The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. B.

60. *A spotless grave, where never mortal lay !*] Virgin.

POEM VII.

Page 63. *At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear ;*] The late Mr. Thompson.

GLOSSARY.

Aggrate, <i>please</i>	Leman, <i>lover</i>
Albe, <i>alho'</i>	Lusty-head, <i>vigor</i>
Arraught, <i>reach'd</i>	Muchel, <i>sorrow</i>
Bays, <i>bathes</i>	Prow, <i>hardy, valiant</i>
Bale, <i>sorrow</i>	Quite, <i>requite</i>
Culvers, <i>doves</i>	Ramping, <i>starting, flying-</i> <i>out</i>
Drapet, <i>a linen cloth</i>	Rechless, <i>'careless</i>
Dearling, <i>darling</i>	Salew, <i>salute</i>
Dolorous, <i>anguish, pain</i>	Snubby, <i>knotty</i>
Eft, <i>often</i>	Wareless, <i>stupified</i>
Ensue, <i>follow</i>	Wend, <i>go</i>
Eremites, <i>hermit</i>	Wreakful, <i>revengeful</i>
Gyres, <i>circles or windings</i>	

POEM VIII.

Page 80. Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tower,

Alternate o'er the night their beams divide,] Castor and Pollux.

ib. The Powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;] The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful Poem called *Urania*. lib. ii. de Geminis.

ib. And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.] Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

88. *All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,
New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal undulation, flies ;]* Pliny tells

us, lib. xi. That the Phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle : the feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and an elegant translation of it by Mr. Tickell in the first vol. of the Poetical Calendar, p. 42. See also Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the Phoenix in his observations on Tacitus. Annal. lib. vi.

THE END.

BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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NO

ODES.

CLASS THE FIRST.



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ODES.

CLASS THE FIRST.

ODE I.

TO AMBITION.

BY R. SHEPHERD, D.D.

O'er midnight glass, or by the Fair
In dalliance soft caress'd :
Without a thought, without a care
To discompose their rest,
The meaner herd exulting pant to rove
The flowery paths of pleasure's fairy grove.

= To discompose

While more determin'd bosoms glow
With high Ambition's fires :
Source of whate'er is great below,
The grave of mean desires :
Adieu for them the pleasure-winged hour,
Adieu the bed of ease, the Paphian bower !

5

10 *Q. E. Wilson*

- σ Tho' rough the paths that lead to Fame,
 Their steps no toils dismay;
 Ambition aids the generous aim,
 And smoothes the rugged way:
 σ With all its lustre bids bright Virtue shine,
 And into action wakes the big design.

- σ What breakes th' aspiring statesman's rest?
 What gives the Muse to sing? 20
 Ambition wakes his anxious breast,
 And plumes her towering wing:

- σ Instructs the feeble Monarch how to bear
Forcibly / The crown, and all the thorns that fasten there.

- Thè 'General's wakeful bosom fires,
 σ And guards the jealous camp;
 The scholar's flattering hope inspires,
 And trims the midnight lamp;
 The pride of arts from fair Ambition springs, σ
 And blooms secure beneath her fostering wings. 30

- Oft, Goddess, as thy genial ray
 Pervades the feeling heart,
 Love trembling quits his sensual sway,
 σ And drops his feeble dart:
 The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,
 Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow,

Pleasure retreats with wanton smiles,
 And Strength-unnerving eyes ;
 Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles
 To conquer as she flies : — 40
 Sloth with reluctance quits her foul embrace,
 Rough Care and manly Toil assume her place. 50

Virtue with firm quaternion band
 His eager steps precedes ;
 A flambeau grasping in her hand, —
 To light to glorious deeds :
 The sister-train his toils with glory crown, *ψ' the. Helen*
 And point the arduous paths to fair renown. 5

By these inspir'd young Scipio trod
 To Fame th' adventurous way ; — 50
 " By Love," he cry'd, " let Paphos' god
 The softer soul betray ;
 A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye : " = *hop*
 He spoke, and bade th' unconquer'd eagle fly.

Hence then, ye Slaves, whom Ease delights,
 To yon lone cloyster stray, 5
 Where monkish apathy invites 5
 To dose tame life away :
 True Worth, that spurns the hermit's sluggard cell,
 In Glory's active courts delights to dwell. — 60

ODE II.

ON

AMBITION.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
σ While his bold oars the sparkling surface sweep,
With new delight, transported hails
The blue expanded skies, and level deep.

intended
Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous scene of wealth and power,
In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening's storm and gloomy hour.

σ Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire ; 10
But woes unknown those charms conceal,
σ And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

There Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate :
There malice stabs, with rage serene :
σ In deadly silence, treacherous Friendships wait.

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and storms, has glory fix'd her seat;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow, ^σ
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat. ^{2σ}

Within the sun-gilt vale beneath, ^σ
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment dwells; ^σ
While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells. ^σ

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
Man quits the path by heaven design'd,
To search for bliss among the thorns of care, ^{10 Care.}

Our native powers we scorn to know;
With steadfast error still the wrong pursue; ^{3σ}
Instruct our forward ills to grow;
While sad successes but our pain renew.

In vain heaven tempers life with sweet, ^{= To misery}
With flowers the way, that leads us home, bestrews,
If dupes to passion, and deceit,
We drink the bitter, and the rugged choose.

Few can on Grandeur's stage appear,
Each lofty part with true applause sustain,
No common virtue safe can steer
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main. ^{4σ}

Then happiest he, whose timely hand
σ To cool Discretion has the helm resign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in sight of land,
From changing tides secure, and trustless wind.

ODE III.

ON

BEAUTY.

TO * * * * *

BY MR. H.

AND wilt thou, Romeo, still maintain
That Beauty holds a boundless reign ?
Soft power, by all confest !
See'st thou the coward and the brave,
The free-born Briton and the slave,
With equal rapture blest ?

The Gods, indulgent to mankind,
The tenderest passions of the mind
With frugal hands dispense ;
For faithless I can ne'er believe 10
That rude untutor'd hearts perceive
The finer joys of sense.

Mark but the ruthless Indian's soul,
Which no ingenuous thoughts control,
Where pity never dwelt ; —
By Beauty, Fancy's loveliest child,
'Mid lorn savannahs waste and wild,
With human feelings melt !

Behold the powerful charm assuage
The hoary lion's lawless rage : — 20
He owns the wanton fire ;
And lordly roaming o'er the plain,
Singles the fairest of his train
To feed the loose desire !

But wouldst thou feel a purer flame
Than ev'n the warmest wish can frame,
By much too fine to cloy ;
Far, far beyond that aching breast,
With which the village hind's oppress,
Who idly terms it joy ? — 30

Has heaven, indulgent to thy make,
Form'd thee to every sense awake,
Blith hope, or frantic fear ?
Can human miseries steal a sigh,
Or from thy soft consenting eye
Can pity draw the tear ?

Canst thou with wild Othello glow
In all his maddening jealous woe,
By Love's dark doubts distrest ?
With treacherous Jaffier dost thou feel — 40
Th' impending tortures of the wheel,
That wound his guilty breast ?

Tell me, can Pindar's lofty strain,
Luxuriant Fancy's fruitful vein,
The noblest thoughts infuse ?
Say, do you taste his generous fire,
Or canst thou feelingly expire
To Sappho's plaintive muse ?

See'st thou the warmth, the grace divine,
That breathes thro' mild Correggio's line, — 50
By heaven's peculiar care ?
Does Guido wrap thee in delight ?
Can Titian's colours charm thy sight ?
Or Julio's godlike air ?

Say, does thy heart with rapture spring,
When Handel strikes the magic string,
With transport do you hear ?
Or dost thou languish into pain
When soft Correlli's tender strain
Subdues the ravish'd ear ? — 60

Canst thou with Freedom's sons rejoice
To hear th' Athenian Patriot's voice,
'Mid tyrants undismay'd ?
But fails his bolder fire—O say,
Can Tully charm each sense away,
And baffle reason's aid ?

Canst thou, with pity mov'd, bewail
The simple Emma's hapless tale,
And fond believing heart ?
Or say, does Eloisa's line, —/o
Where learning, taste, and love combine,
A nobler flame impart ?

The Muse in mild melodious lays
Instruction's awful voice conveys,
And each wild wish disarms ; —
While picture's arts alone can trace
Each soften'd line, each secret grace,
And add to Beauty's charms.

Should Hope her lenient aid refuse,
Tho' each disastrous day renews —50
One sadden'd scene of woe ;
From pleasing symphony of sound,
When melting notes dissolve around,
Unnumber'd raptures flow.

Music her sister arts may aid,
And Poetry o'er light and shade
 Reflect her mutual fire;
Meek suppliants all at Beauty's shrine,
In one united there shall join
 The Pencil, Muse, and Lyre.

90

ODE IV.

TO

CONCORD.

BY THE REV. MR. HUDSON.

Handwritten: Soul of the world, first mover, say,
From thee what glorious being came,
Handwritten: Powerful to raise this universal frame?
Handwritten: * Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes, —
And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
With sevenfold adamant chains
The path of wandering orbs restrains,
Kindles the genial fire of love, *Handwritten:* 10
And walks the courts of genuine light,
(While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight)
Handwritten: Where Bliss has banish'd Chance, and sore Annoy,
And Goodness fills the cup of general joy.

Nor is she to the heavens confin'd ; —
Forth on the morning's wing she rides,
She skims the glowing evening's purple tides, o
And leaves the setting sun behind.
Where doves sit cooing at the noon-tide hour, *for noon*
And linnets warble in the woodbine bower ; — 20
Where the pale moon her lustre spreads,
The love-lorn bird divides her song, *for Nightingale*
The soft flute soothes the rural throng, o
And dew-drops load the flowrets' heads ;
Where the ingenuous chorus sings, —
The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,
From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds ;
Thine, goddess, are the charms, and thine the silver
sounds.

The buxom air, the saphire main, o o
All height and depth confess thy gracious reign : — 30
But chief is thy delight to dwell
Lodg'd in the human breast thy dearest cell.
Favour and friendship meet thee there,
And tender transport with the gushing tear : o
There wedlock at thy altar bends, —
There halcyon peace securely broods,
And meek tranquillity attends o
To quell unruly rage, and sooth the swelling floods.

Now by the magic of thy tongue, *for the goddess*
That call'd up first the rolling spheres, — 40

Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
 With rapturous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run :
 And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone,
 Which when the fair Idalian queen
 Accepts, with universal sway
 The smiles and winning passions play
 In her resistless look and mien ;
 The loves the heavenly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire ;
 Fresh wreaths the graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising daisies mark the measur'd ground.

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
 Of which when youthful Spring awakes,
 From thy abundance amply she partakes,
 What time the silk-plum'd zephyrs meet
 In Saba's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
 With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes ;
 And by the ripened, redolent grace,
 When Summer in the Persian fields
 To sober-seeming Autumn yields
 Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
 The sky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
 The velvet peach, and damask nectarine ;
 While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
 Gladdens Pomona with the golden show.

Great goddess! with the words of peace
 Bid this wild uproar of contention cease ;

Bid amity with gentle ray,
The woes that low'r on Faction's brow display. /o
Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove ?
For hellish hate abandon heavenly love ? σ
Here, gentle Concord, on each breast
Let thy spring-sweetness bland distil,
Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest, σ
And all mankind obey thy sovereign will.

ODE V.

CONTEMPLATION.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens. Hor.

CONTEMPLATION, lovely fair,
Far from scenes of noise and care,
Evermore delights to dwell
In the still sequester'd cell :
Lead me then, propitious power,
To thy lonely, rural bower ;
To the silent, shady wood,
σ To the rivulet's dimpling flood :
And, on summer mornings, lead
σ To the russet heath or mead : — 10
To the cot's plain simple door,
The ploughman's peaceful, happy floor :
Where Phyllis brings her loaded pail,
And young affection lisps its tale ;
σ Lead to dusky lanes or shades,
Where tall oaks lift high their heads ;
To the seat of happiness,
To the garden's lov'd recess ;
Beds with pinks and roses gay,
The pride and boast of June and May. 20

Contemplation, nymph serene,
 Guide to lawns, or uplands green,
 Or near the promontory's side—
 Let me hear the roaring tide,
 Hear old Ocean's wild waves roll;
 Or the sad knell slowly toll,
 Or, at gloomy hour of day,
 With me to the church-yard stray,
 And meditate among the dead;
 While the sexton plies his spade, —
 There peruse the time-worn stones,
 Or, as he turns up human bones,
 Think on what I soon must be,
 Think on vast eternity:
 'Till torches dissipate the gloom,
 And the sable mourners come;
 'Till the venerable priest,
 In his snowy surplice dress'd,
 Loudly begins the solemn lines,
 And "dust to dust," at length consigns.

St. Contemplation

σ

σ

St. Evening

30 *St. Day*

σ

σ

σ

40

The Contemplation
 Hail! matron lovely, tho' demure,
 Ever chaste and ever pure,
 Diffuse thy balm into my breast,
 Bring with thee happiness and rest:
 Sooth each melancholy sigh,
 Teach me to live, and teach to die!

St. Contemplation

σ

ODE VI.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.
Of Bangour.

-----Rurauque resurgens
Sævit amor.-----

Virg.

O VOICE divine, whose charmed strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumult'ous Rage,
Can strike the dagger from Despair,
And shut the watchful eye of Care.
Oft lur'd by thee, the joy of all,
Hope comes unto the wretches call;
Exil'd by thee, and dispossess
Envy forsakes the human breast.
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heaven aspires;
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Thro' the long deepning solemn grove,

Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To Silence trust some plaintive tale,
Of Nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose; 2
Or where some holy aged oak
A stranger to the woodman's stroke;
From the high rocks aerial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream,
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all prevailing good.

Go forth invok'd, O Voice Divine!
And issue from thy sainted shrine; 3
Go search each solitude around,
Where Contemplation may be found,
Where'er apart the Goddess stands
With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hands;
If rear'd on Speculation's hill
Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill
Of far-transporting Nature's scene,
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;
Or if with measur'd step she go
Where Meditation spreads below, 4
In bosom'd vale her ample store,
Till weary Fancy can no more;
Or inward if she turn her gaze,
And all th' internal world surveys;
With joy complacent sees succeed

In fair array, each comely deed.
She hears alone thy potent strain,
All other music charms in vain;
In vain the sprightly notes resound,
That from the gilded roofs rebound, ^{so}
When the light-footed troops advance
To form the quaint and orb'd dance;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens sole to thy chaste lore.
Then bring the lonely Nymph along, ^{so}
Obsequious to thy muse-like song;
Bid her to bless the secret bow'r
And heighten wisdom's solemn hour.
Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins the earth to distant skies : ^{so}
Bland hope that makes each sorrow less,
Still smiling calm amidst distress ;
And her the meek-ey'd charity,
Not least, tho' youngest of the three.
Then add warm Friendship to the train, ^{so}
Social, yielding and humane ;
And, seldom on this earth survey'd,
Silence, sober-suited maid,
Knowledge the Sage, whose radiant light,
Darts quick across the mental night, ^{so}
And by his side advance the Dame
All glowing with celestial flame,
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores,
Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze, —

And triumph 'midst the Seraph's blaze;
Last to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent Nun fair Peace of Mind,
Whom Innocence e'er yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade : — 80
Resign'd, contented, meek and mild
Of blameless mother, blameless child.
But from these woods, O thou retire !
Hood-winkt Superstition dire ;
Zeal that clank her iron bands, —
And bathes in blood her ruthless hands ;
Far hence Hypocrisy away,
With pious semblance to betray,
Whose angel outside fair, contains
A heart corrupt, and foul with stains ; — 90
Ambition mad, that stems alone
The boistrous surge, with bladders blown ;
Anger, with wild disorder'd pace ;
And Malice pale of famish'd face ;
Long-tongu'd Clamor, get thee far —
Hence, to wrangle at the bar ;
With opening mouths vain Rumor hung ;
And Falshood with her serpent tongue ;
Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,
And hissing Envy's snaky tire ; — 100
With Jealousy, the fiend most fell
Who bears about his inmate hell ;
Now far apart with haggard mien
To lone Suspicion listning seen,
Now in a gloomy band appears —

Of shallow Doubts, and pale-ey'd Fears
Whom dire Remorse of giant kind
Pursues with scorpion lash behind:
But chiefly Love, Love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy; — 116
Contemplation's sober ear
Disdains thy syren song to hear;
Then with thy treach'rous train begone,
Contemplation comes anon.

Now on the flow'ring turf I lye,
My soul conversing with the sky.
Far lost in the bewild'ring dream
I wander o'er each lofty theme;
Fain would I search the perfect laws
That constant bind th' unerring cause; 120
Why all its children, born to share
Alike a father's equal care:
Some weep by partial Fate undone,
The ravish'd portion of a son;
Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,
Heeds not his suffering brothers woes;
The good, their virtues all forgot,
Mourn need severe, their destin'd lot;
While Vice, invited by the great,
Feasts under canopies of state. — 130
Ah! when we see the bad prefer'd,
Was it eternal justice err'd?
Or when the good could not prevail,
How could almighty prowess fail?

When underneath the oppressor's blow
Afflicted Innocence lies low,
Has not th' All-seeing eye beheld?
Or has a stronger arm repell'd?
Next the bold enquiry tries,
To trace our various passions rise; — 140
This moment Hope exalts the breast,
The next it sinks by Fear deprest;
Now fierce the storms of Wrath begin,
Now all is holy calm within.
How we in constant friendships join,
How in constant hates combine;
And how, in each unguarded part,
MONIMIA's form assails my heart.

Ah me! what helpless have I said?
Unhappy by myself betray'd! — 150
I deem'd, but ah I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain;
For when I fixt my musing thought,
Far on solemn views remote;
When wandering in th' uncertain round
Of mazy Doubt, no end I found;
O my unblest and erring feet!
What most I sought to shun, ye meet.
Come then my serious Maid again:
Come and try another strain; — 160
Come and Nature's dome explore,
Where dwells retired the Matron hoar;

There her wondrous works survey
And drive th' intruder Love away.

'Tis done. Ascending Heaven's height
Contemplation take thy flight :
Behold the sun, thro' Heaven's wide space,
Strong as a giant, runs his race :
Behold the Moon, exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night : 178
Behold the sister-starry train,
Hew bride-maids, mount the azure plain.
See where the snows their treasures keep ;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep ;
Where the collected rains abide —
Till Heav'n set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of show'r :
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth
And give the tender fruits a birth. — 180
See where Thunder springs his mine ;
Where the paths of lightning shine.
Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,
From heav'n descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flow'rs exalt the head,
Mark how Nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green ; 190

Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,
Or points with light MONIMIA's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.

Ah! haunting Spirit, art thou there?
Forbidden in these walk t' appear:
I thought, O Love! thou would'st disdain
To mix with Wisdom's black, staid train;
But when my curious searching look,
A nice survey of Nature took, — 20
Well pleas'd the Matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless Knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untry'd
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of Love!
To Friendship's sacred force apply
That source of tenderness and joy,
A joy no anxious fears prophane,
A tenderness that feels no pain: — 20
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortur'd Mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tye, that binds
In equal chains, two sister-minds.
Not such as servile int'rest chuse, —
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;

When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed ; — 226
Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night ;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulness have try'd,
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care,
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys,
With whom in raptures I may stray,
Thro' Study's long and pathless way, — 230
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of Flatt'ry, Mirth, all false and vain ;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind
Fair-springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure. — 240
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me,
MÓNIMIA such, and long may be.
Here, here again ! how just my fear !
Love ever finds admittance here ;
The cruel Sprite intent on harm,
Has quite dissolv'd the feeble charm ;
Assuming Friendship's saintly guise,

Has past the cheated Sentry's eyes,
And once attain'd his hellish end,
Displays the undissembled Fiend. 257
O say! my faithful fair ally
How did'st thou let the traitor by?
I from the desert bade thee come,
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home,
More to sublime my solemn hour,
And curse this Daemon's fatal pow'r;
Lo! by superior force oppress,
Thou these three several times has blest.
Shall we the magic rites pursue,
When Love is mightier far than thou? 260
Yes come, in blest enchantment skill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er Devotion lies reclin'd;
Thou her fair friend, by Heav'n's decree,
Art one with her, and she with thee.
Devotion come with sober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapt in the vision of the sky, 270
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my heav'n-aspiring Muse;
Teach me to scorn, by thee refin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure thine to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.

O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treach'rous Felon out.

Now see the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold. 28^o
Let me with holy awe repair,
To the solemn house of prayer.
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast, —
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off in Contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of Heav'n; — for God is here. 29^o
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye Angels swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony,
The ear of him who sits on high.
Grant me, propitious heav'nly Pow'r,
Whose love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on earth to share,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r,
Lest I forget, exalted proud,
The hand supreme that gave the good; 30^o
Lest want o'er Virtue should prevail,
And I put forth my hand and steal;
But if thy sov'reign will shall grant,
The wealth I neither ask nor want;

May I the Widow's need supply, —
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye ;
May the weary wand'ers feet,
From me a blest reception meet !
But if contempt and low estate
Be the assignment of my fate,
O ! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of Vice.
And bounteous O ! vouchsafe to clear
The errors of a mind sincere.
Illumine thou my searching mind, 310
Groping after Truth and blind.
With stores of Science be it fraught
That Bards have dream'd, or Sages taught ;
And chief the heav'n-born strain impart,
A Muse according to thy heart ;
That rapt in sacred ecstasy,
I may sing and sing of thee ;
Mankind instructing in thy laws,
Blest Poet in fair Virtue's cause,
Her former merit to restore 320
And make mankind again adore,
As when conversant with the great,
She fixt in palaces her seat.
Before her all revealing ray,
Each sordid passion should decay :
Ambition shuns the dreaded Dame,
And pales his ineffectual flame ;
Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his sums of gold ;

She in her chariot seen to ride, 330
 A noble train attend her side :
 A cherub first, in prime of years,
 The champion Fortitude appears ;
 Next Temperance sober Mistress seen,
 With look compos'd and chearful mien ;
 Calm Patience still victorious found,
 With never-fading glories crown'd,
 Firm Justice last the balance rears,
 The good man's praise, the bad man's fears ;
 While chief in beauty as in place 340
 She charms with dear MONIMIA's grace.

MONIMIA still ! here once again !
 O! fatal name. Oh dubious strain !
 Say heav'n-born Virtue, Pow'r Divine,
 Are all these various movements thine ?
 Was it thy triumphs, sole inspir'd
 My soul to holy transports fir'd ?
 Or say do springs less sacred move ?
 Ah ! much I fear, its human love.
 Alas ! the noble strife is o'er, 350
 The blissful Visions charm no more ;
 Far off the glorious rapture flown,
 MONIMIA rages here alone.
 In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
 From the commanding pow'r to fly,
 Tho' Grace was dawning on my soul,
 Possess by heav'n sincere and whole.
 Yet still in Fancy's painted cells

The soul-inflaming image dwells.
Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back, to earth and pain ? 36
Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire
Before the blessed Jessean Lyre,
Devotion's harp would charm to rest,
The evil Spirit in my breast ;
But the deaf adder fell disdains,
Unlistning to the Chanter's strains.

Contemplation, baffled Maid,
Remains there yet no other aid ?
Helpless and weary must thou yield 37
To Love supreme in ev'ry field ?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend hoary-mantled Sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away :
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps O Sybil lead, — 38
Thro' the dominions of the dead :
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes ;
Where Meritorious-want, no more
Shiv'ring begs at Grandeur's door ;

Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And see a tomb, its gates dislaid, ³⁹⁰
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants, that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say, for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?

And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man thou seek'st to know, ⁴⁰⁰
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy MONIMIA shall abide,
With the pale Bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a Lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good Heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r) ⁴¹⁰
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.—

Yet ah ! why swells my breast with fears ?
Why start the interdicted tears ?
Love dost thou tempt again ? depart
Thou Devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bow'r and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair ;
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I, thee to find, — 42
In this lone state of human kind ?
Nor Melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale :
Hop'd I for these thou would'st remove ?
How near akin is Grief to Love ? —
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains : O Heav'n ! thy will be done.
The best Physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom — 43
Will yield a weary sufferer room ;
No more a slave to Love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of woe : —
Tho' now the Maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The Tyrant Love's commands unblest ;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er, — 44
This rebel heart shall beat no more ;

Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form belov'd shall ever fly.
The Tyranny of Love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace ;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

ODE VII.

TO

CONTENTMENT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS COLE.

To these lone shades, where Peace delights to dwell,
May Fortune oft permit me to retreat:
Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewel, *to leave*
And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.

Oft as the summer's sun shall cheer this scene
With that mild gleam which points his parting
ray,
Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,
Here share its calm, 'till life's declining day. *to age*

No gladsome image then should 'scape my sight,
From these gay flowers, which border near my eye, *so*
To yon bright cloud, that decks, with richest light,
The gilded mantle of the western sky.

With ample gaze I'd trace that ridge remote,
Where opening cliffs disclose the boundless main;
With earnest ken from each low hamlet note —
The steeple's summit peeping o'er the plain.

What various works that rural landscape fill,
Where mingling hedge-rows beauteous fields inclose;
And prudent Culture, with industrious skill,
Her chequer'd scene of crops and fallows shows! 20

How should I love to mark that riv'let's maze,
Through which it works its untaught course along;
Whilst near its grassy banks the herd shall graze,
And blithsome milkmaid chaunt her thoughtless
song!

Still would I note the shades of length'ning sheep,
As scatter'd o'er the hill's slant brow they rove;
Still note the day's last glimm'ring lustre creep
From off the verge of yonder upland grove,

Nor should my leisure seldom wait to view
The slow-wing'd rooks in homeward train succeed? 30
Nor yet forbear the swallow to pursue,
With quicker glance, close skimming o'er the mead.

But mostly here should I delight t' explore
The bounteous laws of Nature's mystic power;
Then muse on Him who blesteth all her store,
And give to solemn thoughts the sober hour.

Let mirth unenvy'd laugh with proud disdain,
And deem it spleen one moment thus to waste;
If so she keep far hence her noisy train,
Nor interrupt those joys she cannot taste. — 40

Far sweeter streams shall flow from Wisdom's spring,
Than she receives from Folly's costliest bowl;
And what delights can her chief dainties bring,
Like those which feast the heavenly-pensive soul?

Hail, Silence, then! be thou my frequent guest;
For thou art wont my gratitude to raise,
As high as wonder can the theme suggest,
Whene'er I meditate my Maker's praise.

What joy for tutor'd Piety to learn
All that my Christian solitude can teach, — 50
Where weak-ey'd Reason's self may well discern
Each clearer truth the gospel deigns to preach?

No object here but may convince the mind
Of more than thoughtful honesty shall need;
Nor can Suspense long question here to find
Sufficient evidence to fix its creed. —

'Tis God that gives this bower its awful gloom;
His arched verdure does its roof invest;
He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom;
And with his kindness makes its owner blest. — 60

Oh, may the guidance of thy grace attend
The use of all thy bounty shall bestow ;
Lest folly should mistake its sacred end,
Or vice convert it into means of woe.

Incline and aid me still my life to steer, —
As conscience dictates what to shun or chuse ;
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
For aught this world can give me or refuse.

deputy
cate *f* *B* Then shall not wealth's parade one wish excite,
For wretched state to barter peace away ; 70
Nor vain ambition's lure my pride invite,
Beyond Contentment's humble path to stray.

What though thy wisdom may my lot deny,
The treasur'd plenty freely to dispense ;
Yet well thy goodness can that want supply —
With larger portions of benevolence.

And sure the heart that wills the gen'rous deed
May all the joys of Charity command ;
For she best loves from notice to recede,
And deals her unsought gifts with secret hand. 80

Then will I sometimes bid my fancy steal
That unclaim'd wealth no property restrains ;
Soothe with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,
And realize each godly act she feigns.

So shall I gain the gold without alloy ;
Without oppression, toil, or treach'rous snares ;
So shall I know its use, its power employ,
And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.

And, spite of all that boastful wealth can do,
In vain would Fortune strive the rich to bless,
Where they not flatter'd with some distant view
Of what she ne'er can give them to possess.

E'en Wisdom's high conceit great wants would feel, *= conceit*
If not supply'd from Fancy's boundless store ;
And nought but shame makes power itself conceal,
That she, to satisfy, must promise more.

But though experience will not fail to show,
Howe'er its truth man's weakness may upbraid,
That what he mostly values here below,
Owes half its relish to kind Fancy's aid ;

Yet should not Prudence her light wing command,
She may too far extend her heedless flight ;
For Pleasure soon shall quit her fairy-land
If Nature's regions are not held in sight.

From Truth's abode, in search of kind deceit,
Within due limits she may safely roam ;
If roving does not make her hate retreat,
And with aversion shun her proper home.

But thanks to those, whose fond parental care
 To Learning's paths my youthful steps confin'd,¹¹⁰
 I need not shun a state which lets me share
 Each calm delight that soothes the studious mind.

While genius lasts, his fame shall ne'er decay,
 Whose artful hand first caus'd its fruits to spread;
 In lasting volumes stamp't the printed lay,
 And taught the Muses to embalm the dead.

σ To him I owe each fair instructive page,
 Where Science tells me what her sons have known;
 Collects their choicest works from every age,
 And makes me wise with knowledge not my own.¹²⁰

Books rightly us'd may every state secure,
 From fortune's evils may our peace defend;
 May teach us how to shun, or to endure,
 The foe malignant, and the faithless friend.

σ Should rigid Want withdraw all outward aid,
 Kind stores of inward comfort they can bring;
 β. σ Should keen Disease life's tainted stream invade,
 Sweet to the soul from them pure health may spring.

Should both at once man's weakly frame infest,
 Some letter'd charm may still relief supply;¹³⁰
 'Gainst all events prepare his patient breast,
 And make him quite resign'd to live, or die.

For though no words can time or fate restrain ;
No sounds suppress the call of Nature's voice ;
Though neither rhymes, nor spells, can conquer pain,
Nor magic's self make wretchedness our choice ;

Yet reason, while it forms the subtile plan,
Some purer source of pleasure to explore,
Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, man, *4th line*
To think of resting till his journey's o'er ;

Must deem each fruitless toil, by Heav'n design'd
To teach him where to look for real bliss ; — 140
Else why should Heaven excite the hope to find
What balk'd pursuit must here for ever miss ?

ODE VIII.

ON

DESPAIR.

BY JAMES SCOTT, D.D.

SAVE me!—what means yon grisly shade,
Her stony eye-balls staring wide ;
In foul and tatter'd patches clad,
With dirt, and gore, and venom'd dy'd ?
A burning brand she whirls around,
And stamps, and raves, and tears the ground,
And madly rends her clotted hair ;
While through her cank' red breast are seen
Myriads of serpents bred within,
The cursed spawn of self-consuming Care!—

'Twas thus, O poor enamour'd maid,
The Stygian fiend approach'd the sea-girt tower,
What time, in sad misfortune's evil hour,
The faithless lamp, Love's cynosure decay'd.
“ And why,” the ghastly phantom cries,
“ Wilt thou, deluded Hero, wait
“ Leander's wish'd return, forbid by fate ?
“ See floating on his wat'ry bier he lies ;

"Pale are his cheeks, where Love was wont to play,
 "And clos'd those radiant eyes that late outshone the 2
 day."

The woe-foreboding voice she heard,
 And wishing, trembling, pray'd for morn—
 When lo the bleeding corse appear'd
 By savage rocks all rudely torn !
 Where were ye, Nymphs, O tell me where,
Daughters of Nereus fresh, and fair ?
 And why, sweet silver-footed Queen,
 Would'st thou not leave thy coral cave,
 And sooth the rough remorseless wave,
 Ere Death had seiz'd thy best, thy boldest swain?— 3

With haggard eyes, all-streaming blood,
 Distracted Hero saw her lover slain,
 And thrice indignant view'd the guilty main,
 And thrice accus'd each merc'less watery God.
 Aye me in vain!—For "see, she cry'd,
 "My dear Leander's beck'ning shade !
 "And canst thou live, O lost, O wretched maid ?
 "Shall envious Fate so fond a pair divide ?
 "Forbid it Love !"—Then head-long from the tower
 Deep in the ruthless flood she plung'd to rise no more ! 4

With scenes of woe, O cursed Power,
 How are thy greedy eyes regal'd ?
 How did thy heart exult of yore,
 When Heaven's vindictive rod assail'd.

Alas! The Queen of arts?—With giant-stride
 Contagion stalks, and lo the bride,
 The virgin-bride unpity'd dies!
 Clasp'd to his daughter's throbbing breast,
of, die The father breathes his soul to rest,
 And sorrowing sons compose the widow'd mother's
 eyes!

Scar'd by the Damon's spotted hand,
 The eagle scream'd, the famish'd vulture fled,
 The hungry wolf forsook th' unburied dead,
 And pale diseases shiv'ring left the land!
 What cries and piercing shrieks resound
 Through ev'ry street, at ev'ry fane?
 Yet ah! they weep, they weary heaven in vain!
 Death and distraction stare on all around!
 The wretched few, whom pois'nous Pest'ence spares,
 Of moody madness die, and heart-distracting fears.

Despair! These are thy deeds, O fell Despair,
 Thou tyrant of the tortur'd soul,
 Sister of pale-ey'd Grief and Care,
 At whose command impetuous roll
 Passion's rough tides, and swelling high
 Burst through each dear and sacred tie,
 And ev'ry pleasing thought o'erwhelm;
 Anon the crazy bark is born,
 Of winds, and waves, and rocks the scorn,
 For Reason shrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the
 helm!

O fly, thou first-born child of Hell, *first-born*
 To some far distant, dreary, doleful plain,
 Where starting Fear, and agonizing Pain,
 And black Remorse, and sullen Sorrows dwell: $\sigma \sigma$
 Where, arm'd with poison, racks, and death,
 Stern Horror rears his gorgon head: σ
 And writhing dreadful on their iron-bed
 The purple Furies grind their cank' red teeth; σ
 While perch'd on stubs of trees the shriek-owl sings,
 And screaming deadly hoarse night-ravens flap their *de*
 wings!

Thither embost with vary'd woe,
 Misfortune's pallid slaye retires—
 Hark, hark he raves!—Thy tablet shew,
 Charg'd with damn'd ghost, and sulph'rous fires.
 Oh mercy, Heaven!—[Upstaring stands—
 His grisly hair;] his nerveless hands σ
 Shake [o'er his face the curdled blood, σ
 From his swoln heart, with tidings flies,]
 “Give me another horse,” he cries,
 “Oh bring the poison'd bowl, let loose life's crimson *90*
 flood!” *Evil blood*

Sad, sacred wretch!—Thou power divine,
 Whose god-like word from chaos dark and dread
 Bad Discord fly, and [Light sweet-smiling spread σ
 Her orient wing,] controul this breast of mine!
 And still when gloomy thoughts prevail, —
 Oh short, and partial be their sway!

Altho' for The Queen of arts?—With giant-stride
 Contagion stalks, and lo the bride,
of die The virgin-bride unpity'd dies!
 Clasp'd to his daughter's throbbing breast,
 The father breathes his soul to rest,
 And sorrowing sons compose the widow'd mother's
 eyes! 50

Scar'd by the Damon's spotted hand,
 The eagle scream'd, the famish'd vulture fled,
 The hungry wolf forsook th' unburied dead,
 And pale diseases shiv'ring left the land!
 What cries and piercing shrieks resound
 Through ev'ry street, at ev'ry fane?
 Yet ah! they weep, they weary heaven in vain!
 Death and distraction stare on all around!
 The wretched few, whom pois'nous Pestilence spares,
 Of moody madness die, and heart-distracting fears. 60

Despair These are thy deeds, O fell Despair,
of die Thou tyrant of the tortur'd soul,
 Sister of pale-ey'd Grief and Care,
 At whose command impetuous roll
 Passion's rough tides, and swelling high
 Burst through each dear and sacred tye,
 And ev'ry pleasing thought o'erwhelm;
 Anon the crazy bark is born,
 Of winds, and waves, and rocks the scorn,
 For Reason shrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the
 helm! 70

O fly, thou first-born child of Hell, *of despair*
 To some far distant, dreary, doleful plain,
 Where starting Fear, and agonizing Pain, *o o*
 And black Remorse, and sullen Sorrows dwell : *o o*
 Where, arm'd with poison, racks, and death,
 Stern Horror rears his gorgon head : *o*
 And writhing dreadful on their iron-bed
 The purple Furies grind their cank' red teeth ;] *o*
 While perch'd on stubs of trees the shriek-owl sings,
 And screaming deadly hoarse night-ravens flap their *o*
 wings !

Thither embost with vary'd woe,
 Misfortune's pallid slave retires—
 Hark, hark he raves !—Thy tablet shew,
 Charg'd with damn'd ghost, and sulph'rous fires.
 Oh mercy, Heaven !—Upstaring stands—
 His grisly hair ;] his nerveless hands *o*
 Shake ;] o'er his face the curdled blood, *o*
 From his swoln heart, with tidings flies,]
 “ Give me another horse,” he cries,
 “ Oh bring the poison'd bowl, let loose life's crimson *96*
 “ flood !” *de blood*”

Sad, sacred wretch !—Thou power divine,
 Whose god-like word from chaos dark and dread
 Bad Discord fly, and Light sweet-smiling spread *o*
 Her orient wing,† controul this breast of mine !
 And still when gloomy thoughts prevail, —
 Oh short, and partial be their sway !

And beam'd from thee, let pleasure's gladsome ray
The mournful progeny of grief dispel.
So shall the chequer'd scenes of life delight,
As morning brighter peers preceded still by night. *no*

ODE IX.

TO
DESPAIR.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THOU spectre, of terrific mien,
Lord of the hopeless heart and hollow eye, *f. Despair*
In whose fierce train each form is seen
That drives sick Reason to insanity!
I woo thee with unusual prayer, —
“Grim visaged, comfortless Despair:” *σσ*
Approach; in me a willing victim find,
Who seeks thine iron sway—and calls thee kind! = *σ*

Ah! hide for ever from my sight
The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay, *10 f. Hope*
Portrays some vision of delight,
Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
While in dire contrast, to mine eyes
Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, rise, *σ*
And Memory draws, from Pleasure's wither'd
flow'r,
Corrosives for the heart—of fatal power!

Love *of* I bid the traitor Love, Adieu !
 Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
 A guest insidious and untrue,
 With Pity's soothing voice,—in Friendship's name ;
 The wounds HE gave, nor Time shall cure
 Nor Reason teach me to endure.
 σ And to that breast mild Patience pleads in vain,
 Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous power !
 σ Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
 σ With which, in dark conviction's hour,
 Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart !
 But of illusion long the sport,
 That dreary, tranquil gloom I court — 30
 Where my past errors I may still deplore
 And dream of long-lost happiness no more !

To thee I give this tortured breast,
 Where hope arises but to foster pain ;
 Ah ! lull its agonies to rest !
 Ah ! let me never be deceived again !
 σ But callous, in thy deep repose
 Behold, in long array, the woes
 Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd
 Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade ! 40

ODE X.

ON

ENVY.

BY R. SHEPHERD, D.D.

BENEATH yon chain of barren rocks,
Where niggard Nature ne'er unlocks
One hoard of cheerful green ;
The brown yew forms a gloomy shade, σ
The blasted oak erects its head,

A dreary wasteful scene.
O haste, O fly th' accursed cell,
Where Envy's fiendly faction dwell !
Else shall her glance, malignant cast,
The fairest shoots of Merit blast : σ
He risks his ease, who ventures nigh
The baleful witchcraft of her eye. σ

Ev'n now from her infernal dark abyss, σ
At Merit's name she lifts her head,
At Merit's name prepar'd to shed
Their influence all her snaky tresses hiss.

Ev'n now the languid mind oppress,
 Droops under horrors damp and chill,
 Whilst heaves the sigh from the distended breast,
 Slow winds the tide of life along each azure rill.
 Arise, my Muse, the chorded shell prepare,
 Awake the drowsy string;
 For thou canst lull the gathering storms of Care,
 Thou canst disarm dire Envy of her sting,
 And smooth the haggard brow of fell Despair.

Ah strange reverse of honest joys!
 The pale-ey'd fiend elate
 Smiles, if Adversity annoys
 Her neighbour's hapless state.
 Yet Spleen oppressive mars her cheer,
 And signs the bitter day:
 For Envy drops the scalding tear,
 When all the world is gay.
 The tenant of some narrow mind,
 She bids suspicion launch the dart;
 Whilst all her secret powers combin'd
 Excite the poignant smart.
 Slow halts Ill-nature in the rear,
 That poisons as she probes the wound,
 And Rumor's noisome breath is near,
 To waft the poison round.

Say, Theron, yet shall torpid Fear
 Obstruct thy virtue's high career,

Shall Envy's menace wrest
Thy merit's well-directed aim, —
And quench the noble thirst of fame
That warms thy youthful breast ?
O no ! pursue the glorious road
A Bacon, Hyde, and Osborne trod :
Her snaky head tho' Envy rear, 50
Fame's eagle wing thy name shall bear
O'er black Oblivion's frozen sea,
Rank'd with great chiefs of old in immortality. 51

ODE XI.

TO

FANCY.

BY THE REV. J. MERRICK, M. A.

FANCY, whose delusions vain
Sport themselves with human brain,
Rival thou of Nature's pow'r, *St. H. 11111*
Canst, from thy exhaustless store,
Bid a tide of sorrow flow,
And overwhelm the soul in deepest woe:
Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
Raise it to mirth and jollity.
Dreams and shadows by thee stand,
Taught to run at thy command, *10*
• And along the wanton air *σ*
Flit like empty gossamer. *σ =*
Thee, black Melancholy of yore *σ*
To the swift-wing'd Hermes bore; *σ*
From the mixture of thy line,
Different natures in thee join,
Which thou chusest to express
By the variance of thy dress.

Now like thy sire thou lov'st to seem,
 Light and gay with pinions trim, 20
 Dipt in all the dyes that glow
 In the bend of Iris's bow: = arch *of Rainbow*
 Now like thy mother drear and sad,
 (All in mournful vestments clad, σ
 Cypress weeds and sable stole,) —
 Thou rushest on th' affrighted soul.
 Oft I feel thee coming on,
 When the night hath reach'd her noon,
 And darkness, partner of her reign,
 Round the world hath bound her chain, 30
 Then with measur'd step and slow, σ
 In the church-yard path I go,
 And while my outward senses sleep,
 Lost in contemplation deep, σ
 Sudden I stop, and turn my ear,
 And list'ning hear, or think I hear.
 First a dead and sullen sound σ
 Walks along the holy ground;
 Then through the gloom alternate break
 Groans, and the shrill screech-owl's shriek. 40 σ
 Lo! the moon hath hid her head,
 And the graves give up their dead:
 By me pass the ghastly crowds,
 Wrapt in visionary shrouds;
 Maids, who died with love forlorn, —
 Youths, who fell by maiden's scorn,
 Helpless sires, and matrons old
 Slain for sordid thirst of gold, σ *of greediness*

And babes, who owe their shorten'd date
o To cruel step-dames ruthless hate ; 5
Each their sev'ral errands go,
To haunt the wretch that wrought their woe :
From their sight the caitiff flies,
And his heart within him dies ;
o While [a horror damp and chill
Through his frozen blood doth thrill,†
And his hair for very dread
Bears itself upon his head.
When the early breath of day
Hath made the shadows flee away ; 6
Still possess'd by thee I rove
Bosom'd in the shelt'ring grove,
There, with heart and lyre new strung,
Meditate the lofty song.
And if thou my voice inspire,
And with wonted frenzy fire,
o Aided by thee I build the rhyme,
Such, as nor the flight of time,
o Nor wasting flame, nor eating show'r,
Nor lightning's blast can e'er devour, 7
Or if chance some moral page
My attentive thoughts engage,
On I walk, with silent tread,
Under the thick-woven shade,
While the thrush, unheeded by,
o Tunes her artless minstrelsy.
List'ning to their sacred lore,
I think on ages long past o'er,

When Truth and Virtue hand in hand
Walk'd upon the smiling land. — 80 = happy
Thence my eyes on Britain glance,
And, awaken'd from my trance,
While my busy thoughts I rear,
Oft I wipe the falling tear. —
When the night again descends
And her shadowy cone extends,
O'er the fields I walk alone,
By the silence of the moon.
Hark! upon my left I hear — 90
Wild music wand'ring in the air;
Led by the sound I onward creep,
And through the neighb'ring hedge I peep;
There I spy the Fairy band
Dancing on the level land,
Now with step alternate bound,
Join'd in one continu'd round,
Now their plighted hands unbind,
And such tangled mazes wind 100
As the quick eye can scarce pursue, —
And would have puzzled that fam'd clue,
Which led th' Athenian's unskill'd feet
Through the labyrinth of Crete,
At the near approach of day,
Sudden the music dies away, —
Wasting in the sea of air, 110
And the phantoms disappear. *no air*
All (as the glow-worm waxes dim)
Vanish like a morning dream,

And of their revels leave no trace, — 110
Save the ring upon the grass.
When the elfin show is fled, = fairy
Home I haste me to my bed ;
There, if thou with magic wand
On my temples tak'st thy stand,
I see in mix'd disorder rise
All that struck my waking eyes.
So when I pause and round me gaze,
Where the fam'd Lodona strays ;
On the woods and thickets brown, — 120 σ
Which its sedgy margin crown,
And watch the vagrant clouds that fly σ
Through the vast desart of the sky ; pthy
When adown I cast my look
On the smooth unruffled brook, —
(While its current clear doth run,
And holds its mirror to the sun,) φ. r. reflect
There I see th' inverted scene
Fall, and meet the eye again.

ODE XII.

TO

FANCY.

BY THE REV. MR. HUDSON.

WHERE art thou, Fancy, visionary maid ?
Whose lenient artifice and easy aid
Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,
And sooth the pensive soul to rest ?
Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd, —
With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind,
Or by the brook's loquacious channel stray, σ
Where the deep dimpled eddies play ; σ
Haste thee, from the blended glow
Of beauties in yon lucid bow, — 10
With fine spun light and golden beams,
Softly weave thy waking dreams :
Bid the rang'd ideas fly,
Opening to the ravish'd eye
A glimpse of bliss, where gay Desire is found — σ
Sporting with Youth while music wakes around.

Behold the variegated prospect rise ;

What gallant harmony ! what glad surprise !

σ The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains

Collects the nymphs and shepherd swains.

Shuf. Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed, — 20

And heifers 'midst the neighbouring pastures feed.

Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithsome
pair

Have bid adieu to pine and care.

See them hand in hand advance

σ Circling in the smooth-pac'd dance :

σ Now to numbers quaint they stray,

Bounding on the mazy way !

The goldfinch and the linnet nigh

Join the simple minstrelsy : — 30

σ The simple notes, and merry gambols fire

(Plac'd by the hawthorne-hedge) each ancient sire.

But see ! where Solitude, of sober mien,

With Health and Modesty, her charming maids,

Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen

To rove beneath the venerable shades !

O harmless cottages ! O happy glades !

Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,

No discontent the quiet breast invades :

How pleasant 'tis from this far season'd shore — 20

To hear the tumbling ocean's wavy roar !

Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,

fanc. Thy rapt enthusiast, Fancy, wilt thou lead ?

What other scenes of more sincere delight

The goddess and her guest invite ?

She, like the Sybil with her golden bough,

Descends to search the sacred realms below,

In amaranthine bowers the blest appear,

By pearly grot or fountain clear :

To heroes' ghosts, or scepter'd kings, 57

The laurel'd bard divinely sings. 58

Hark ! the animating strains

Warble thro' th' Elysian plains :

When the pause admits delay

Thus th' immortals seem to say,

(Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)

" For ever thus, for ever we rejoice."

What sad transition ! means this rising show

To drive out real pain with fancied woe ?

I see the mourners in the darken'd room, 60

The rustic hearse, the letter'd tomb. 61

Still, still the wayward, wild ideas take

The solemn livery of death, and wake

Tender-ey'd pity, as the village train 62

The shrouded husbandman sustain. 63

What semblances of wretched plight

'Mid the procession strike the sight !

Ah ! 'tis grief herself appears,

Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears ;

Her garments torn, her bosom bare, 64

Reckless of th' inclement air :

Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,
Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan

- Hence, hence, ye hapless images ; away
σ Delusive Fancy : with thy subtle heat
No more thy vain machinery display, —
σ Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat :
Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.
σ Sister of Wisdom she : of aspect mild :
Who makes the golden mean her certain seat, — 80
And looks on casualty as nature's child ;
To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.
-

ODE XIII.

TO

FANCY.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal skies
Now hastes the car of day to rise. *do Liberty*

Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty leads
In golden reins the sprightly steeds.
With wanton Love that rolls his sparkling eyes. *σ*

Morpheus, no more
Thy poppies, cropt on Lethe's margin, shed
Around thy languid poet's head. *σ*

Thou drowsy god,
'Tis time to break thy leaden rod, *10*
And give thy slumbers o'er.

But come, thou woodland Nymph, along, *do Liberty*
Mistress of the vocal song, *do Liberty*

Fancy ever fair and free, *σ*
Whether on the mountains straying,
Or on beds of roses playing,

Daughter of sweet Liberty! *do Liberty*

Through all the ivy-circled cave
Soft music at thy birth was heard to sound ;
The Graces danc'd thy bower around, 29
And gently dipt thee in the silver wave ;
With blossoms fair thy cradle drest,
And rock'd their smiling babe to rest.
To kiss thy lips, the bees, a murmuring throng,
With busy wings, unnumber'd flew ;
For thee, from every flower their tribute drew,
And lull'd thy slumbers with an airy song.
Come in thy heavenly woven vest,
That Iris' hand has ting'd in every dye,
With which she paints the sky, 30
Flowing o'er thy zoneless breast.

Me, sweet enchantress, deign to bear
O'er the seas, and through the air ;
O'er the plains extended wide,
O'er misty hills, and curling clouds, we ride,
Now mounting high, now sinking low,
Through hail and rain, and vapours go,
Where is treasur'd up the snow ;
Where sleeps the thunder in its cell ;
Where the swift-wing'd lightnings dwell 31
Or where the blust'ring storms are taught to blow.
Now tread the milky way ;
Unnumber'd worlds that float in æther spy,
Among the glittering planets stray,
To the lunar orbit fly,
And mountains, shores, and seas descry.

Now catch the music of the spheres;
Which, since the birth of time,
Have, in according chime,
And fair proportion, rolling round, 50
With each diviner sound,
Attentive Silence, pierc'd thy list'ning ears; σ
Unheard by all, but those alone
Whom to Wisdom's secret throne
The Muse, with heav'n-taught guidance, deigns to
bring,
To trace the sacred paths with hallow'd feet;
Or, Fancy, who the mystic shade,
In thy airy car, pervade,
Where Plato's raptur'd spirit holds its solemn seat.

But, Fancy, downward urge thy flight, 60
On some mountain's towering height,
With hoary frosts eternal crown'd, σ
Rapt with dusky vapours round, σ
Let me fix my stedfast feet.
I feel, I feel the fanning gales; σ
The wat'ry mists beneath retreat. σ
The noontide ray now darts its heat,
And pours its glories o'er the vales. /

Glittering to the dancing beams,
Urging their stubborn way the rocks among, 70
I hear, and see a thousand streams
Foam, and roar, and rush along.
But to the plains descended,
Their sudden rage is ended.

- Now lost in deep recess of darksome bowers,
 Again now sparkling through the meads —
 Vested soft with vernal flowers,
 Reflecting the majestic towers,
 Its peaceful flood the roving channel leads.
 There the rural cots are seen, — *Os*
 From whose low roof the curling smoke ascends,
 And dims with blueish volumes all the green;
 There some forest far extends
 Its groves embrown'd with lengthen'd shade;
 Embosom'd where some Gothic seat,
 Of monarchs once retreat,
 In wild magnificence array'd,
 The pride of ancient times presents,
 And lifts, in contrast fair display'd,
 Its sun reflecting battlements. — 76

- Near, some imperial city seems to reign,
 Triumphant o'er the subject land;
 With domes of art Vitruvian crown'd.
 See gleam her gilded spires around,
 Her gates in awful grandeur stand. —
 Equal to shine in peace, or war sustain,
 Her mighty bulwarks threat the plain
 With many a work of death, and armed mound,
 Where rolls her wealthy river deep and wide,
 Tall groves of crowded masts arise, — *100*
 Their streamers waving to the skies.
 The banks are white with swelling sails,
 And distant vessels stem the tide,

Circling through pendant cliffs, and watery dales.

— The russet hills, the valleys green beneath, σ
 The fallows brown, and dusky heath, σ σ
 The yellow corn, empurpled vine, σ σ
 In union soft their tints combine,
 And, Fancy, all engage thine eye
 With a sweet variety. 110
 While clouds the fleeting clouds pursue,
 In mutual shade, and mutual light,
 The changing landscape meets the sight ;
 'Till the ken no more can view,
 And heaven appears to meet the ground ;
 The rising lands, and azure distance drown'd
 Amid the gay horizon's golden bound. σ

Such are the scenes that oft invite
 To feed thee, Fancy, with delight.
 All that nature can create, 120
 Beauteous, awful, new and great,
 Sweet enthusiast, is thy treasure,
 Source of wonder, and of pleasure ;
 Every sense to transport winning, 125
 Still unbounded and beginning. 125
 Then, Fancy, spread thy wings again ;
 Unlock the caverns of the main.
 Above, beneath, and all around,
 Let the tumbling billows spread, σ
 'Till the coral floor we tread, 130
 Exploring all the wealth that decks the realms profound ;

There, gather gems that long have glow'd
In the vast, unknown abode,
The jasper vein'd, the sapphire blue, σσ
[The ruby bright with crimson hue,] σ
Whate'er the bed resplendent paves,
Or decks the glittering roofs on high,
Through whose translucent arch are seen the rolling
waves.

Fancy, these shall clasp thy vest,
With these thy lovely brows be drest, 140
In every gay, and various dye.
But hark!—the seas begin to roar,
σ The whistling winds assault my ear,
σ The louring storms around appear—
Fancy, bear me to the shore. —
There in thy realms, bright goddess, deign
Secure to fix thy votary's feet :
O give to follow oft thy train,
Still with accustom'd lay thy power to greet ;
To dwell with Peace, and sport with thee, 150
Fancy, ever fair and free.

ODE XIV.

TO
FANCY.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.
OF BANGOUR.

FANCY, bright and winged Maid! *F. Hamilton*
In thy night-drawn car convey'd,
O'er the green earth and wide-spread main,
A thousand shadows in thy train,
A vary'd air-embodiy'd host,
To don what shapes thou pleasest most;
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings
Around the destin'd couch of kings;
Nor in rebellion's ghastly size
A dire gigantic spectre rise: — *ro*
Cease, for a while, in rooms of state
To damp the slumbers of the Great;
In Merit's lean-look'd form t'appear, *or*
And hollow Traitor in their ear:
Or Freedom's holier garb bely, —
While Justice grinds her axe fast by:
Nor o'er the Miser's eye-lids pour
The unrefreshing golden show'r;

Whil'st, keen th' un-real bliss to feel, ^{= visionary}
His breast bedews the ruffian-steel. — 20

With these (when next thou tak'st thy round)
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound :
These swell the horrors and affright
Of Conscience' keen-condemning night. σ
For this (nor, gracious Pow'r ! repine)
A gentler Ministry be thine :
Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,
Or Lover's hope-enliven'd dream. σ
MONIMIA's mildest form assume ;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom ; 30
Unfold her eyes unblemish'd rays,
That melt to Virtue as we gaze ;
That Envy's guiltiest wish disarm,
And view benign a kindred-charm :
Call all the Graces from thy store, —
Till thy creative pow'r be o'er ;
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense, σ
And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is giv'n : the spells begin ;
The ideal world awakes within ; — des
The lonely void of still repose σ
Pregnant with some new wonder grows :
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise ;
Slow, in MONIMIA's form, along —
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the Virgin leads,
 Whom high a flaming torch precedes,
 In a gown of stainless lawn, *= white pure*
 O'er each manly shoulder drawn? *so*
 Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain, *scarlet*
 The Boy that bears her flowing train?
 Behind his back a quiver hung,
 A bended bow across is flung;
 His head and heels two wings unfold,
 The azure feathers girt with gold.
 Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
 Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires. *so*
 And thou, of Love deceitful child!
 With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild, *do befit*
 Fantastic by thyself, and vain, *so*
 But seemly seen in Hymen's train;
 If Fate be to my wishes kind,
 O! may I find ye ever join'd;
 But if the Fates my wish deny,
 My humble roof come ye not nigh.

The spell works on: yet stop the day
 While in the house of sleep I stay.
 About me swells the sudden grove,
 The wov'n arbourette of Love; *so*
 Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,
 And more than Nature plants around.
 Fancy, prolong the kind repose;
 Still, still th' enchanting vision glows; *so*

And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
 Now sink transported in her arms.
 Oh sacred Energy divine!
 All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.
 Hail! copious source of pure delight;
 All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite; *sc*
 Endearing Truth thy train attends,
 And thou and meek-ey'd Peace art friends: *σ*
 Closer entwine the magic bow'r;
 Thick rain the rose-empurpl'd show'r:
 The mystic joy impatient flies
 Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
 Unenvy'd let the rich and great
 Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,
 Indulging here, in bliss supreme,
 Might I enjoy the golden dream: *σ 90*
 But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
 For see! she glides, she glides away.

Oh Fancy! why did'st thou decoy
 My thoughts into this dream of Joy,
 Then to forsake me all alone,
 To mourn the fond delusion gone?
 O! back again, benign, restore
 The pictur'd vision as before. *σ*
 Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
 Arise, ye dear deceits, arise. *100*
 Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
 Why fades my visionary grove?

Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
 Then will you, to the proud and vain,
 From me, fantastic, wing your flight,
 T' adorn the dream of false delight ?
 But now, seen in MONIMIA's air,
 Can you assume a form less fair,
 Some idle Beauty's wish supply,
 The mimic triumphs of her eye ?
 Grant all to me this live-long night,
 Let charms detain the rising light ;
 For this one night my liv'ries wear,
 And I absolve you for the year.

What time your poppy-crowned God
 Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad,
 Ere yet the cock to mattins rings,
 And the lark, with mounting wings,
 The simple village swain has warn'd
 To shake of sleep by labour earn'd ;
 Or on the rose's silken hem,
 Aurora weeps her earliest gem ;
 Or, beneath the op'ning dawn,
 Smiles the fair-extended lawn ;

When in the soft-encircled shade
 Ye find reclin'd the gentle Maid,
 Each busy motion laid to rest,
 And all compos'd her peaceful breast :
 Swift paint the fair internal scene,
 The phantom-labours of your reign ;

The living imag'ry adorn
 With all the limnings of the morn,
 With all the treasures Nature keeps
 Conceal'd below the forming deeps ;
 Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,
 That covers the green mountain's side,
 Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale σ
 In the wide-embosom'd vale. σ
 Let pow'rful Music too essay σ
 The magic of her hidden lay : — 146
 While each harsh thought away shall fly
 Down the full stream of harmony,
 Compassion mild shall fill their place,
 Each gentle minister of grace,
 Pity, that often melts to Love —
 Let weeping Pity, kind improve, σ
 The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take
 Whate'er impressions Love shall make.
 Oh ! in that kind, that secret hour,
 When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r, 150
 When sighing Love, mild simple boy,
 Courtship sweet, and tender joy,
 Alone possess the fair-one's heart ;
 Let me then, Fancy, bear my part.

Oh Goddess ! how I long t'appear ;
 The hour of dear success draws near :
 See where the crouding Shadows wait ;
 Haste and unfold the iv'ry gate :
 Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,

Come in my anxious look array'd, 16
Come Love, come Hymen, at my pray'r
Led by blythe Hope, ye decent pair σ
By mutual confidence combin'd
As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.
— Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears, σ
Fill my breast with heart-born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd,
Part look'd, and only wish'd the rest ;
Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,
Suffering much, how much I love ; 17
Make the Muses lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled strain ;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Pow'rful of a Lover's woe,
Till, by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear shall gain her heart.

Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er ;
I feel my sorrows vex no more :
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return. 18

ODE XV.

TO
FANCY.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

“ O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
• With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare, —
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow, —
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
• Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes. — 20

O lover of the desert, hail !
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters you reside,
'Mid broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd, 30
Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne ;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest : 40
There lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With SPENSER through a fairy grove ;
'Till suddenly awoke, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound !
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead, 50

Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
And VENUS keeps her festive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads, —
Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads;
Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song :
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ, *so*
Haste, FANCY, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
Let us with silent footsteps go —
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ; *70*
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel with sudden heat,

My big tumultuous bosom beat; — *P.*
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base GALLIC squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away? —
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
Thence whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign; — *P.*
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely LAURA seeks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove, — *P.*
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence
When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,

When the soft turtle of the dale
To SUMMER tells her tender tale, — 110
When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At every season let my ear —
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line, — 120
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come —
From thy lamented SHAKESPEARE's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain, — 130
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
Who with some new unequall'd song,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign, —
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.

O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk :
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics' studied laws :
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE !

ODE XVI.

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

BY JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

COME, gentle Power, from whom arose
Whate'er life's chequer'd scenes adorns ;
From whom the living current flows
Whence Science fills her various urns :
Sacred to thee, yon marble dome,
O Goddess, rears its awful head,
Fraught with the stores of Greece and Rome,
With gold, and glowing gems inlaid ;
Where Art by thy command hath fix'd her seat,
And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace, retreat,

For erst mankind, a savage race,
As lawless robbers rang'd the woods,
And chose, when weary'd with the chase,
'Midst rocks, and caves, their dark abodes ;
'Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
Powerful as Orpheus' magic song,
Re-echo'd through the squalid plains
And drew the brutish herd along :

Lost in surprize thy pleasing voice they own'd,
Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the sound, 2

Then Pity first her sacred flame
Within their frozen bosoms rais'd ;
Tho' faint the spark, when Friendship came,
When Friendship wav'd her wing it blaz'd ;
Twas then first heav'd the social sigh, σ
The social tear began to flow ; σ
They felt a sympathetic joy,
And learnt to melt at other's woe :
By just degrees Humanity refin'd,
And Virtue fix'd her empire in the mind. 3

O Goddess, when thy form appears,
Revenge and Rage, and Faction, cease,
The soul no fury-passion tears, =
But all is harmony and peace. =
Aghast the purple tyrant stood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms,
Forgot the cursed thirst of blood,
And long'd to grasp thee in his arms ;
Felt in his breast unusual softness rise, =
And, deaf before, heard Pity's moving cries. 4

Is there a wretch in Sorrow's shade,
Who wastes in tears life's ling'ring hours ?
Is there, on whose devoted head
Her vengeful curses Atè pours ? σ

See to their aid fair Friendship flies, —
Their sorrows sympathetic feels, σ
With lenient hand her balm applies,
And ev'ry grief indulgent heals :
The woe-fraught fiends before her stalk away,
As spectres shun the flaming eye of day. 50

Oh for a faithful, honest friend,
To whom I ev'ry care could trust,
Each weakness of my soul commend,
Nor fear him treach'rous, or unjust !
Drive Flatt'ry's summer-train away, —
Those busy, curious, flutt'ring things,
That, insect-like, in Fortune's ray,
Bask, and expand their gaudy wings :
But, ah, when once the transient gleam is o'er,
Behold the change !—They die, and are no more 60

ODE XVII.

TO

GENIUS.

THOU child of Nature, Genius strong,
Thou master of the Poet's song,
Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
Where Fancy, bright aerial maid!
Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms.
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The sweetly warbling Shakspeare bore; —
Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
And dipt him in that sacred rill,
Whose silver streams flow musical along,
Where Phoebus' hallow'd mount resounds with rap-
tur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir, —
Their breast revisit with thy genial fire,
Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear, but come not nigh the heart.

Vain every phrase in curious order set,
On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet. 20
Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
While pure description shines in measur'd prose.
Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,
Upon the dull mechanic train ;
Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone, —
Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays ;
Inspir'd with energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred shrine. — 30
Since Taste with absolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy shade,
The blooming scyons of fair fancy's tree ;
Which erst full wantonly have stray'd —
In many a wreath of richest poesie.
For when the oak denies her stay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way ;
No more she twists her branches round,
But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground. — 40

Where then shall exil'd genius go ?
Since only those the laurel claim,
And boast them of the poet's name.
Whose sober rhimes in even tenour flow ;
Who prey on words, and all their flowrets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

Why sleep the sons of Genius now ?
Why, Wartons, rest the lyre unstrung ?
And thou, blest Bard ! around whose sacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung : so
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
throng.

ODE XVIII.

TO

HEALTH.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

COME, rosy Health, celestial maid, σ
On Zephyr's silken wing convey'd,
In smiles thy heavenly features drest,
Descend thou sweet enchanting guest
All charming, whether you appear
In STAMERS's lovely form and air,
Or her's who yonder shines from far
Fair as the morning's silver star,
In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,
On Shannon's flower-enamell'd side, 10σ
By shepherds, in each amorous tale,
Yclept the Lily of the vale.

Bright daughter of the blushing dawn, σ
Nymph of the wood, and daisied lawn, σ
Who fliest the busy, full resorts
Of peopled cities, revelling courts, $\sigma \sigma$

But, clad in russet, lov'st to dwell
 With Temperance in the rural cell,
 Attend the sheep-boy at his stand,
 Or ploughman o'er the furrow'd land, 20
 Or wait, at spring of fragment morn,
 The opening hound, and chearing horn : σ σ

Ever chearful, ever gay,
 Hither come and chase away
 Sorrow of dejected eye,
 The plaintive tear, the struggling sigh, σ σ
 [Disease with sickly yellow spread,] σ
 And Pain that holds the hanging head ;
 And in their stead conduct along
 Fantastic Dance, and airy Song, 20
 Wit, of taste correct and fine,
 Frolic Mirth, that waits on wine,
 Hope that fans the lover's fires,
 Pleasing Follies, gay Desires ; σ
 For these are thine, a'sprightly train,
 Without thee lifeless, joyless, vain.

'Tis you who pour o'er Beauty's face
 The artless bloom, the native grace ; σ
 You robb'd the bashful rose, and shed σ
 Its soft, refin'd, delicious red 40
 On WALLER's cheek ; 'tis you bestow .
 On MANSEL's lips the ripening glow,
 With quickening spirits you supply
 The trembling lustre of her eye.

Through every form of mystic birth,
The swarming air, the teeming earth, —σσ
Through all the fruitful deep contains, σ
Thy sovereign vital influence reigns,
Mixes, ferments, inspires the whole,
Pours the glad warmth, the genial soul, σ
Breathes in the breeze, distils in showers,
Swells the young bud, and wakes the flowers:
With livelier green the herbage springs,
The violet blows, the linnet sings,
Its richest colouring Nature wears, —
And Pleasure leads the wanton years.

O! see I pine distress'd, forlorn,
And seek in vain thy wish'd return :
Return then, Goddess, heavenly mild,
Indulgent now as once you smil'd, σ
In golden Youth's propitious May, —
When jocund danc'd my hours away,
With love, and joy, and rapture blest,
And thou wast there to crown the rest.
Then, as round the Seasons range, ...
And years in sweet succession change,
On Shannon's silver-flowing stream σ
I'll sing, and thou shalt be my theme ;
Rich in my verse, thy charms shall shine,
And HAROLD's beauties yield to thine. ✕

ODE XIX.

TO *HEALTH.*

BY THE REV. J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.

Martial.

HEALTH! to thee thy vot'ry owes
All the blessings life bestows,
All the sweets the summer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields ; σ σ
By thee he tastes the calm delights
Of studious days and peaceful nights :
By thee his eye each scene with rapture views ;
The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.

Does increase of wealth impart
Transport to a bounteous heart ? 16
Does the sire with smiles survey
His prattling children round him play ? σ
Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swain's and virgin's artless cheek ?
From HEALTH these blushes, smiles, and transports
flow ; [owe.
Wealth, children, love itself, to HEALTH their relish

Nymph ! with thee, at early Morn,
 Let me brush the waving corn ;
 And, at Noon-tide's sultry hour, σ
 O bear me to the woodbine bow'r ! 2σ
 When Evening lights her glow-worm, lead
 To yonder dew-enamell'd mead ; σ
 And let me range at Night those glimm'ring groves,
 Where Stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation
 roves.

This my tributary lay — σ
 Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
 Who for sev'n whole years hath shed
 Thy balmy blessings o'er my head ;
 O ! let me still enamour'd view
 Those fragrant lips of rosy hue, $\dagger 3\sigma \sigma$
 Nor thinks there needs th' alloy of sharp disease, σ
 To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

Now by swiftest Zephyrs drawn,
 Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn ;
 In yon gloomy grotto laid, σ
 PALEMÓN asks thy kindly aid ;
 If goodness can that aid engage,
 O hover round the virtuous sage :
 Nor let one sigh for his own suff'rings rise ;
 Each human suff'ring fills his sympathizing eyes. 2σ

Venus from Aeneas' side
 With successful efforts try'd

To extract th' envenom'd dart
That baffled wise lapis' art :
If thus, HYGEIA, thou could'st prove
Propitious to the queen of love,
Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow
Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

What though, banish'd from the fight,
To the Hero's troubled sight, —
Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes;
He only panted to obtain
A laurel wreath for thousands slain;
On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
Pants to delight, instruct, and humanize mankind.

..t

ODE XX.

FAREWELL TO HOPE.

By the Same.

HOPE, sweetest child of Fancy born,
Tho' transient as the dew of morn,
Thou who canst charm, with sound and light,
The deafen'd ear, and darken'd sight,
And in dry desarts glad the swains
With bubbling springs, and cultur'd plains;
No more invent thy airy schemes,
Nor mock me with fantastic dreams;
No more thy flattering stories tell,
Deceitful prattler, Hope, farewell! 10

Adieu the pleasing prospect, plann'd
By Fancy's fair delusive hand!
No more that momentary ray,
Which gilds by fits a showery day,
Shall show me, in a distant grove,
Health, friendship, peace, content and love;
While many a nymph, and many a youth,
By Hymen join'd, and crown'd by Truth,

On verdant hillocks danc'd and play'd,
Or warbled in the hawthorn shade. 20

No more, with sweet endearing talk,
Shalt thou beguile my vernal walk ;
No more, as thro' the wintry vale,
We journey on, with many a tale
Of fancied pleasure, cheer the day, —
And strow with flowers the rugged way,
Still pointing to that rural cell
Where Innocence and Stella dwell ;
Charm with the bubbling of a rill,
That gushes from the neighbouring hill. 30

O let me now in silence rove
Thro' yon sequester'd cypress grove,
Where, crown'd with leaves of baleful yew, 5
And circled by a Stygian crew,
(When from the ivy-mantled tower, 6
The cock proclaims the midnight hour)
Pale Melancholy takes her round, 7
And o'er the mouldering, hallow'd ground
Where lovers lie, desponding stands,
And, dumb with pity, wrings her hands. 40

While thus, with gloomy thought oppress, 8
Heart-piercing sorrow heav'd my breast, 9
A heavenly form swift gliding by,
With healing comfort in her eye, 8

- σ A look of winning softness cast, —
And thus address me as she past :
“ Mortal, be wise! and, even in death,
“ Let Hope receive thy parting breath !
“ Securely trust my guardian care,
“ And, led by Reason, shun Despair.” *sp*
-

ODE XXI.

TO

HOPE.

COME! lovely Queen of endless smiles, *J. H. H. H.*
Whose art the woes of life beguiles!
With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest; *σ*
O! let me, with thy poppies crown'd,
Unconscious tread this thorny ground!
Thy pleasing dreams before me spread, *σ*
And stretch thy wings to guard my head,
Secure amidst surrounding strife,
Nor wak'd by all the storms of life! *10*
The brighter side of wealth and power,
Shall bless the visionary hour;
Wealth, without care, shall be possess,
And power, without a guilty breast;
Pomp, free from flattery, and from scorn, *J. H. H. H.*
And love's sweet flower, without the thorn.
While Fortune, with an erring hand,
Her bounty scatters thro' the land,
And fools, and knaves the treasures find,
By heaven for knaves, and fools, design'd, *20*

ponderous
Not unrewarded Virtue sighs,
In Hope her lasting pleasure lies;
Nor while Astraea holds the scale,
Shall vice, and ponderous gold, prevail,
By Hope external wants supplied,
She turns the beam on Virtue's side.
Here [Time with sweeping stroke destroys,]
Like grass, possession's transient joys,
Hope, like the pine aspiring high,
Can all the rage of time defy;
For each lopp'd branch, the vigorous root
Ordains a double branch to shoot,
For one a thousand stems arise,
And bloom, and bear, beyond the skies.
If hope no distant blessing shows,
In vain is all the world bestows;
If future joys her smiles display,
In vain is all it takes away.
The loss of power, of fame of wealth,
Yet more, of friends, of ease, and health,
By strength of mind we learn to bear,
And live, and smile, in spite of care;
But losing thee, all comforts fly,
We languish, we despair, we die.
Beyond our reach, but still in sight,
Thy glittering objects yield delight,
If chance possession brings them near,
We lose the fading joy in fear:
What charm'd the sight, as good and fair,
When touch'd, we mourn as clouds and air;

Yet fond the vapor to retain,
Each parting fragment gives us pain. *= a elia*
Thy cheerful light, with guiding ray,
Thro' life directs our doubtful way,
Invites the journey to fulfil, —
Before us, and before us still !
The grave we reach, thy pointing hand
Beyond it shows the promis'd land,
The last, best, effort of thy power
Sustains us in the dreadful hour. — *6.*
Thy charge, and all our travels, o'er,
We leave thee on the mortal shore,
On realms unknown we land, and share
A fate beyond thy influence there.
Whate'er in realms unknown I be, —
Hope ! let me live on earth with thee.

ODE XXII.

TO

HOPE.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl ;
And shrieks of Woe, as intermits the storm, —
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.
O come, and be once more my guest.
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd —
And soothed him into rest.

Smit-by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combined,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise ;

Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze. — 10
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away :

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Dissolve. Above the sparkling flood
When Phoebus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain — 30
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illumined spire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy Pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight, — 40
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around,
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' un trodden maze. —

Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues :
The path that leads, where, hung sublime, *fo*
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard, —
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-ey'd cherub forms around thee play :
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek ;
And Modesty, half turning as afraid, *be*
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek ;
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing,
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land. *.*

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms : *70*
Then all around
The thunder's sound

Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed, —
When sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midst tumult and dismay; — 80
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

They shrink, they vanish into air.
Now Slander taints with Pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail, —
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance; — 90
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth —
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth?
Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car

The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ; 100
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
No friend, no shelter now is nigh, —
And onward rolls the storm.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight : 110
Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
“ Why thus dismay'd ?
Though foes invade,
Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
Who tread the path of truth.
'Tis I who smooth the rugged way,
I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
And with glad visions of to-morrow
Repair the weary soul's decay.
When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart, 120
Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
Till the freed spirit springs on high
In rapture too severe for weak Mortality.”

ODE XXIII.

TO
INDEPENDENCE.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share !
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A Goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath blanch'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying
clime ;
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;
And red the stream began to flow :
“ The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood.”

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore ;
And liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore. 20
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main ;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd ; —
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopt ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' impression of her charms : 30
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curliou scream'd ; the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw on Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born. 40
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;

The Doric Muse caress'd the fav'rite boy ;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his op'ning mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age, —
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire ;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole, — 58
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild th' Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
To burst th' Iberian's double chain ;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain. — 60
He with the generous rustick, sate
On Uris' rocks in close divan,
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crost, —
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;

And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast,
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
And taught, amidst the dreary waste,
Th' all-chearing hymns of Liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould;
Ev'n now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel'd liv'ry to despise:
My lips by him chastis'd to truth
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies. 80

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind:
Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;
Wherever dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of state professions froth, 90
And pale Disease with all his bloated train
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils opprest:

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrell wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
And all her gingling bells fantastic Folly ring: 100
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene,
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts.
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains: 110
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal spright,
Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside;
Propitious power! my patron and my pride. 120

ODE XXIV.

TO

INDEPENDENCY.

BY THE REV. W. MASON, M. A.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd
While Silence rules the midnight hour,
I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind
Descend, propitious Power !
And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside :
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine ;
As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line ;
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose. /o

Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest ;
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating vest. .
Unsullied Honor decks thine open brow, —
And Candor brightens in thy modest eye :
Thy blush is warm Content's aetherial glow,
Thy smile is Peace ; thy step is Liberty :

Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land. — 20

As now o'er this lone beach I stray ;
Thy fav'rite Swain oft stole along,
And artless wove his Doric lay,
Far from the busy throng.

Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string, —
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move :
Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring
With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love ;
To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,
And led the war 'gainst thine and Freedom's foes. — 30

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of Wit he darts around :
Ev'n mitred Dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.

In awful poverty his honest Muse, —
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land ;
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dew,
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand :
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne. — 40

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muses vestal fires I bring :
Here at thy feet the sparks I spread ;
Propitious wave thy wing,
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of Song, —

That glares tremendous on the Sons of Pride.
 But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue !
 In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide ;
 Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
 As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy. 50

37 “ Fond Youth ! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
 “ Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
 “ Yet nourish still the lambent flame ;
 “ Still strike thy blameless lyre ;
 “ Led by the moral Muse securely rove ; —
 “ And all the vernal sweets thy vacant Youth
 “ Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
 “ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth :
 “ To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil.
 “ And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.” 50

“ 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall cheer
 “ Thy sick'ning soul ; at that sad hour,
 “ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier
 “ Thy duteous Sorrows shower :
 “ At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline ;
 “ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
 “ And sees thee, like the weak and widow'd Vine,
 “ Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
 “ At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
 “ And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.” 70

“ This fragment wreath, the Muses meed,
 “ That bloom'd those vocal shades among,

“ Where never Flatt’ry dared to tread,
“ Or Interest’s servile throng ;
“ Receive, my favour’d Son, at my command, —
“ And keep, with sacred care, for D’ARCY’s brow
“ Tell him, ’twas wove by my immortal hand,
“ I breath’d on every flower a purer glow ;
“ Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
“ To him who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE.” 06

ODE XXV.

KNOWLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Duct in errorem variarum ambage viarum. Ovid.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease my careless Fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landskip ran ;
Review'd what scenes the seasons show,
And weigh'd what share of joy and woe
Is doom'd to toiling Man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat,
The oxen low beneath my feet
Along the clover'd dale ;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind, /
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new-mown vale.

“ Hail, Knowledge, gift of heaven ! I cried,
E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,
Compar'd to thee, how low !

The blessings of the earth and air
The beasts of fold and forest share,
But godlike Beings **KNOW**.

“ How mean the short-liv’d joys of Sense !
But how sublime the excellence — 2
Of Wisdom’s sacred lore !
In Death’s deep shades what nations lie !
Yet still can Wisdom’s piercing eye
Their mighty deeds explore.

“ She sees the little Spartan band,
With great Leonidas, withstand —
The Asian world in arms ;
She hears the heavenly sounds that hung
On Homer’s and on Plato’s tongue,
And glows at Tully’s charms. — 3

“ The wonders of the spacious sky
She penetrates with Newton’s eye,
And marks the planets roll ;
The human mind with Locke she scans ;
With Cambray Virtue’s flame she fans,
And lifts to heaven the soul.

“ How matter takes ten thousand forms
Of metals, plants, of men and worms,
She joys to trace with Boyle :

This life she deems an infant state, — 46
A gleam that bodes a light complete,
When done the mortal toil.

“ What numerous ills in life befall !
Yet Wisdom learns to scorn them all,
And arms the breast with steel : —
E'en Death's pale face no horror wears ;
But ah, what horrid pangs and fears
Unknowing wretches feel !

“ That breast excells proud Orphir's mines,
And fairer than the morning shines, — 5
Where Wisdom's treasures glow ;
But, ah, how void yon peasant's mind !
His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd !
Nor cares he more to know.

“ The last two tenants of the ground,
Of ancient times his history bound : —
Alas, it scarce goes higher.
In vain to him is Maro's strain,
And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain,
In vain is Milton's fire. — 6

“ Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
Can give his soul the grand delight
To trace almighty power :

His team think just as much as he
Of Nature's vast variety
In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And, lo, an antient Sage,
Hard by an ivied oak, stood near, —
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace :
His broad bald front give dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand,
My ear was all at his command ;
And thus the Sage began :
" Godlike it is to know, I own,
But, oh, how little can be known
By poor, short-sighted man !

" Go mark the Schools, where letter'd Pride,
And star-crown'd Science, boastful guide,
Display their fairest light :

There led by some pale meteor's ray,
That leaves them oft, the Sages stray,
And grope in endless night. —

*Of Wisdom proud, yon Sage exclaims,
Virtue and Vice are merely names,
And changing every hour;
Ashley, how loud in Virtue's praise!
Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays — 90
And strips her of her dower.

“ Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns ;
Hobbes smiles on vice, Descartes maintains :
A godless passive cause ;
See, Bayle, oft slyly shifting round, —
Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
And wrest th' eternal laws.

“ And what the joy this lore bestows ?
Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
Above what Brutes may claim : — 100
To quench our noblest native fire,
That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
Is all its hope, its aim.

“ Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
Where Ignorance her tents hath plac'd, —
More dismal scene display :

A scene, where Virtue sickening dies,
Where Vice to dark extinction flies,
And scorns the future day.

“ Wisdom you boast to you is given : — 118
At night then mark the fires of heaven,
And let thy mind explore ;
Swift as the lightning let it fly
From star to star, from sky to sky,
Still, still are millions more. —

“ Th’ immense ideas strike the soul
With pleasing horror, and controul
Thy Wisdom’s empty boast.
What are they ? — Thou canst never say :
Then silent adoration pay, — 119
And be in wonder lost.

“ Say, how the self-same roots produce
The wholesome food, and poisonous juice,
And adders balsams yields :
How fierce the lurking tyger glares, —
How mild the heifer with thee shares
The labours of the field ?

“ Why growling to his den retires
The sullen pard, while joy inspires
Yon happy sportive lambs ? — 120

Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray,
Now weary of their gambling play,
All single out their dams.

“ Instinct directs——But what is That ?
Fond man, thou never canst say What :
Far short thy searches fall.
By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
The useful arts of men increase,
But this at once is all.

“ A trunk first floats along the deep, *146*
Long ages still improve the ship,
Till she commands the shore :
But never bird improv'd her nest,
Each all at once of powers possest,
Which ne'er can rise to more.

“ That down the steep the waters flow,
That weight descends we see, and know ;
But why, can ne'er explain.
Then humbly weighing Nature's laws,
To God's high will ascribe the cause, *150*
And own thy wisdom vain.

“ For still the more thou knowest, the more
Shalt thou the vanity deplore
Of all thy soul can find :

This life a sickly woeful dream, —
A burial of the soul will seem,
A palsy of the mind.

“ Tho’ Knowledge scorns the peasant’s fear,
Alas, it points the secret spear
Of many a nameless woe : 16.
Thy delicacy dips the dart
In rankling gall, and gives a smart
Beyond what he can know.

“ How happy then the simple mind
Of yon unknowing labouring hind, ..
Where all is smiling peace !
No thoughts of more exalted joy
His present bliss one hour destroy,
Nor rob one moment’s ease.

“ The stings, neglected Merit feels, 17.
The pangs the virtuous soul conceals,
When crush’d by wayward fate ;
These are not found below his roof,
Against them all securely proof,
Heaven guards his humble state.

“ Knowledge or wealth to few are given ;
But, mark how just the ways of heaven !
True joy to all is free :

Nor Wealth nor Knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O Virtue, thine alone, — 18.
It all belongs to thee.

“ Blest in thy smiles the Shepherd lives,
Gay in his morn, his evening gives
Content and sweet repose.
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd —
To sage, or chief one weary void
Is all that life bestows.

“ Then wouldst thou, Mortal, rise divine ?
Let innocence of soul be thine,
With active goodness join'd : — 19.
Thy heart shall then confess thee blest,
And, ever lively, joyful, taste
The pleasures of the mind.

“ So spake the Sage ; my heart reply'd :
How poor, how blind is human pride ! —
All joy how false and vain,
But that from conscious Worth which flows,
Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
And hopes an after reign.”

ODE XXVI.

TO
LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

O GODDESS, on whose steps attend
Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,
White-mantled Peace with olive wand,
Young Joy and diamond-scepter'd Wealth,
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science bright-ey'd as the morn,
In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care,
Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last. — 10

For thee, the pining prisoner mourns,
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuch's guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,

By Christian lords to labour sent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox. 20

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's Genius loudly spoke,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the dreadful stroke!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd stab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.
How burn the Spartan with warm patriot-flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine. 30

When heaven to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—Be free——
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reverse this great decree?
Submit him to some idol-king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,
And Murder with his reeking sword? 40

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate
And black Revenge gigantic goes:
Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
Now hopeless Age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that fated land,

Tho' rivers roll o'er golden sand :
Tho' birds in shades of Cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring. 52

Britannia, watch !—remember peerless Rome,
Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the
ground ;
Remember, Freedom's guardian, Graecia's doom,
Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound :
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and
downs,
(Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)
Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot ;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land. 60

ODE XXVII.

TO
LIBERTY.

BY THE REV. MR. HUDSON.

THE sable Queen of shades retires,
Encircled with her fading fires ;
Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
With slow wing blackening many a league of sky.
Go melancholy Goddess, go, —
Nurse of despondency and woe.
'Tis time, the cock's shrill clarion calls
The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear,
And bids the phantoms disappear,
That glimmer 'midst yon mouldring walls ;
They startle at the sound,
And gliding o'er the trackless ground,
Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.
No more their livid lightnings play ;
The terrors of ærial tumults cease, —
Hush'd to serenity and smiling peace.

For, lo ! in heaven's ambrosial bowers,
Wak'd by the stationary hours,

Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes, *20*
And vermil blushes streak the orient skies: *σ*

How nature triumphs at the sight,

Renew'd in all her beauty bright!

Her fragrant groves their incense yield;

The zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse

The sweetness of mellifluous dews; *σ*

And pleasure paints the lily'd field.

Here, gilt with splendid rays,

The spires and lofty turrets blaze; *σ*

There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam;

While dancing down the pebbly stream — *30*

The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng, *σ*

Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the morn, will fairest Freedom come,

In majesty divine,

With dawning glory to disperse the gloom —

Of dire Oppression; and illume the mind *σ*

To darkness and despondency confin'd.

Arise, O Liberty! 'tis thine

The charms of nature to refine;

With blooming hope and harmony to please, — *40*

To crown with plenty, and to bless with ease,

To light up awful Virtue's living ray,

And pour the flood of intellectual day. *σ*

Place me in Afric's desert lands,

Where thirst sits gaping on the sands; *σ*

If there auspicious Freedom fix her seat,

'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat;
 Soon shall the wild, more polish'd grown,
 Admire new beauties, not her own :
 Sage Industry shall dig the well
 Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep ;
 While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
 Stand frequent in the cooling cell :
 Soon shall the mantling vine
 Be taught around the palm to twine ;
 And social arts the stranger Naiads wake,
 That sleep beneath the distant lake,
 Curious to view young Commerce gayly roam,
 And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid zone, —
 Near winter's adamant throne,
 Where farthest ocean foams with icy roar
 Along the bleak, inhospitable shore :
 If Freedom to the smoky dome
 With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam ;
 Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek ;
 What hinders to enjoy the freezing year !
 For Property will there appear ;
 And cheerful Health, with rosy cheeks,
 Pursue the panting prey :
 Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
 Sit chaunting on the mountain's chrystal brow,
 Where hanging torrents shine below ;
 Nor will Cimmerian sleep forget to bring
 Safe slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, Celestial, let thy wish'd return

 This happier clime serene ;

This happier clime, if Rome thy absence mourn,

No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,

Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains ;

 Heartless we view the splendid scene

 Of turrets, and the painted green ;

Heartless the music of the groves we hear,

As when, new harness'd out by Wrath and Fear,

Night's chariot moves in storms ; and thunders hurl'd

Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.

ODE XXVIII.

LIFE.

LIFE! the dear precarious boon !
Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !
Fleeting vision, falsely gay !
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision ! how it fades !
Let the Muse, in fancy's glass,
Catch the phantoms as they pass :
See they rise ! a nymph behold
Careless, wanton, young and bold ;
Mark her devious, hasty pace,
Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth, and vain surprize—
Tripping at her side, a boy —
Shares her wonder, and her joy ;
This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side.
What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow, — 20
Bright, and blushing, as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born !

Shafts, to pierce the strong I view,
Wings, the flying to pursue ;
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free
Speaks his mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,
Youth in vain is wise or brave ; — 30
Love with conscious pride defies
All the brave, and all the wise.
Who art thou with anxious mien
Stealing o'er the shifting scene ?
Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step, and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear ;
Arm in arm, what wretch is he
Like thyself, who walks with thee ? — 40
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows :
Well, too well ! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest,
Anxious, busy, restless pair !
Manhood, link'd by fate to Care.
Wretched state ! and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, close the prospect here !
Close it, or recall the past,
Spare my eyes, my heart, the last. — 50
Vain the wish ; the last appears,
While I gaze it swims in tears ;

Age—my future self—I trace
Moving slow with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears ;
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.
Death, the shadowy form I know !
Death o’ertakes him, dreadful foe !
Swift they vanish—mournful sight,
Night succeeds, impervious night !
What these dreadful glooms conceal
Fancy’s glass can ne’er reveal ;
When shall time the veil remove ?
When shall light the scene improve ?
When shall truth my doubts dispell ?
Awful period ! who can tell ?

ODE XXIX.

MADNESS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires !
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis MADNESS' self inspires.

Hail, awful MADNESS, hail !
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee* ;
Folly—Folly's only free. — 10

Hark !—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her *Chorus* near,
And Daemons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice swell her train,—

Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
 Hope in disappointment lost—
 And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye 20
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of MADNESS rise,
 Various voices, various cries,
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 σ Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
 All seem to pierce the skies.—

σ Rough as [the wintry wave, that roars
 On THULE's desert shores,]
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
 σ The fetter'd Maniac foams along, 30
 (Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and reads his streaming
 hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 σ No sympathies like these his soul employ,
 σ —But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,
 By too much tenderness betray'd ;
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires, 40
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same.—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted Fair.
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings, 5
Now, pensive ruminates unutterable things.
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude ?—

'Tis he—the MOMUS of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain. —
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around ;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected
wiles.

Laughter was there—but mark that groan, 6
Drawn from the inmost soul !
“ Give the knife, Demons, or the poison'd bowl,
“ To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild ?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all. —

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands, *To*
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But ah!—too thick they croud,—too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—

Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight.—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,

But o'er the hapless groupe, low drop Compassion's
veil.

ODE XXX.

TO
MELANCHOLY.

BY MRS. CARTER.

COME, Melancholy! silent power,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To sober thought confin'd ;
Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
In folly's noisy stream :
I from the busy crowd retire, -/6
To court the objects that inspire
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led :

Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
Consociate with my sister-worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors ! awful gloom !
Ye silent regions of the tomb ! — 20
My future peaceful bed :
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And every sorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night, —
Before my intellectual sight
In solemn pomp ascend :
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend ! — 30

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy !
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight
With superficial state :

Re. 10 Thro' Reason's clearer optics view'd, 49
How stript of all its pomp, how rude
with 4 Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant power,
Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul ? —
Can Pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or soothe the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul ?

Religion ! e'er the hand of Fate
Shall make Reflection plead too late, 50
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flattering hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth,
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring :
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king. 60

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
And owns thy threatenings just :

Thy voice the shuddering suppliant hears,
With Mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate :
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In Death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest
That gently whisper Peace :
Till the last morn's fair opening ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

ODE XXXI.

TO

MELANCHOLY.

BY R. SHEPHERD, D.D.

REMO^TE from those enchanting bowers,
Where dance the nimble-footed hours,
Where revels frantic Folly ;
To thee I bring the tribute tear,
Visits the Muse thy mansions drear,
Heart-searching Melancholy.

By thee inspir'd, by Fancy led,
Thy hallow'd ground I seem to tread,
Where o'er the joyless plain
The aether sheds its blackest hue, 16
And here and there a lonely yew
Marks Melancholy's reign.]

Where chearful gales forget to blow,
Pellucid currents cease to flow,
The cloud-capt mountain's height

All avenues of the dreary way
Secures from each pervading ray σ
Of soul-enlivening light.

Where Grief sad social solace seeks,
[The rose has fled her meagre cheeks.] 20 σ
And hollow is her eye ;
Care on her lap reclines his head,
Whilst hovering round the restless bed
The wing'd chimeras fly.

Rack'd with ideal tortures, Spleen —
A thousand fiends unknown, unseen,
With shadowy faulchions scare ; σ
This rends her breast, that goads her sides,
And every hag of Fancy rides
The phantom thro' the air. — 30

Hark, softly stealing on the ear
The hollow sigh, the dropping tear, σ σ
The music of Despair ;
Not lovers' sorrow-mocking sighs σ
Or mimic Grief that melts the eyes. σ
Of youthful widow'd fair.]

Sorrows that orphan bosoms pierce,
Pour'd o'er a tender parent's hearse,
Snatch'd by un pitying fate ; σ

No fostering hand's kind solace nigh, *40*
Each summer friend with wayward eye
Surveys their helpless state.

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,
While Titan gilds the cloudless skies,
σ Sport in the glistening ray ; —
The splendid scene once overcast
σ σ By lowering cloud, or adverse blast,
Each insect veers away.

When Pleasure's madding tide o'erswells
The rapt breast, to those doleful cells *50*
Of misery let me stray ;
σ There shall thought-fostering Solitude,
Whilst no fantastic joys intrude,
Each devious step recall to Virtue's rugged
way.

ODE XXXII.

ON
MELANCHOLY,
TO
A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

AH ! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song :
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats ?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets ?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply —
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
Whilst through the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners
grey ?

Say, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow ?
And cannot fancy clear their course ?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe. — 20
Say, 'mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair ?
Ah no, fair Fancy rules the song : —
She swells her throat she guides her tongue ;
She bids the waving Aspin spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay ;
She bids the fringed Osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below, — 30

To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn syn-
pathies.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares ;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears ;
To thee yon Abbey, dank and lone,
Where Ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom. — 40
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloysters drear,
Could rove each desolated Isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile ;

And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue) —
Thin shiv'ring Ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet : My sober mind — 50
The fainter forms of Sadness please ;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Through this still valley let me stray
Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY :
Whose lofty Genius bears along —
The conscious dignity of Song ;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on Pride or Power,
Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs : — 60
He too perchance (for well I know,
His heart would melt with friendly woe)
He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring
shade.

ODE XXXIII.

MELPOMENE.

QUEEN of the human heart ! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty Passions rise,
Melpomene, support my venturous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise.
From the gay scenes of pride —
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurst of yore,
Young Shakspeare, Fancy's child, was taught his
various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm :
So may his numbers, with pathetic force, ⁷⁹
Bid Terror shake us, or Compassion warm,
As different strains controul
The movements of the soul,
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone, —
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play ;

Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's Muse, that breathes her melting lay,²⁰
This ardent prayer was made.
When lo ! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul
forsook.

Ah ! whither Goddess ! whither am I borne ?
To what wild region's necromantic shore ?
These panics whence ? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before ?
Darkness inwraps me round,
While from the vast profound — ³⁰
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha ! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame ?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high, —
As with his thunder shakes his labouring frame.
What can such rage provoke ?
His words their passage choak :
His eager steps, nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow. ⁴⁰

Protect me, Goddess ! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation ? as grim Death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd :

Ah see ! besmear'd with gore, —
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to Despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fixt on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth :
While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels ;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain. — 60
Fond love, fierce hate, assail ;
Alternate they prevail :
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace :
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks :
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled ; — 70

And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled
sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a Murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood !
His look malignant chills with boding fears, —
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven. 80

And hark ! ah Mercy ! whence that hollow sound !
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair ?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid Ghost slow-rising steals on air,
To where a mangled corse, —
Expos'd without remorse,
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

“ Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shower
Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd ? — 90
For this array'd him in the robe of power,
And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast ?
O kindness ill repay'd !
To bare the murdering blade

- Against my life !—may Heaven his guilt explore, —
* And to my suffering race their splendid rights re-
store.”

He said, and stalk'd away.—Ah Goddess ! cease,
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain ;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain ;
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

- The fervent prayer was heard—With hideous sound
* Her ebon gates of darkness open flew ;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound,
The train of terror vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise ;
New scenes salute my eyes, —110 [plain,
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the
And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

- And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple teems with life ;
, Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,

The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe,
And pitying sighs are heard and heart-felt sorrows flow 116
flow.

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain ;
With floods of tears she bathes a Lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.

Her bosom heaves with sighs, 125
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of Friendship ? yet, alas !
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd, 130
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One from his friend receives the fatal wound !
What could such fury move !
What but ill-fated love !
The same fair object each fond heart enthalls, 135
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love ?
Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove ? 140
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence ;

And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's
heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire ?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown.
That form, so graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life, *etc*
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of Want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive Queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight :
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires. *etc*

Aw'd into silence, my wrapt soul attends—
The Power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear ;
And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear :
“ Aspiring son of art, —
Know tho' thy feeling heart

Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown,
Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils disown.

“ A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes ; 1/2
A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
As from my dreary realms of darkness rose.
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
And Otway's melting tears—
That awful gloom, this melancholy plain, —
The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.

“ But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
And all due honour to her precepts pay ?
Canst thou the lure of Affectation scorn,
Pleas'd in the simpler path of Truth to stray ? 1/80
Hast thou the Graces fair
Invok'd with ardent prayer ?
They must attire, as Nature must impart,
The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

“ Then, if assenting Genius pour his ray, —
Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast ;
Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
And the deep source of Passion stand confest ;
Then may the listening train,
Affected, feel thy strain ; — 190

Feel Grief or Terror, Rage or Pity move :
Change with thy varying scenes, and every
approve."

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest ;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But Fear upon my lips her seal imprest.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The Form celestial, fading on my view,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and all the vision flew. :

ODE XXXIV.

TO
MIRTH.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

PARENT of Joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay, —
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of his shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak the uplifted arm of Tyranny.

The morning opes on high
His universal eye ; — 20
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower.
Lo ! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
σ Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn ;
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway, —
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-chearing
c light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral
night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream — 30
O'er the long prospect wide ?
'Tis Mirth, I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With laughter at her side.
σ Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild passion's rage, — 40
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's
prayer ;
No cloud, that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.

ODE XXXV.

MORTALITY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

'Twas the deep groan of death
That struck th' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze,—the vital breath
Expiring sunk!—Let Friendship's holy tear—
 Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide,—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure presuming Pride,
With Hope mistrustless at her side, — 16
And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy Thirst
of Gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,—
Shew how awful 'tis to die.—
Shew the portrait in the dust :—
Youth may frown—the picture's just,—
And tho' each nerve resists—yet yield at length
they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and rosy smile ?
Trace the corpse,—the likeness seek—
No likeness will you own.— 2
Pale's the once social cheek,
And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,
The windows of the soul ?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power
Beat with honest rapture high,—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to mis'ry many a sigh ?— 3

Froze to a stone !—And froze the hand
Whose grasp affection warm convey'd ;
Whose bounty fled the suppliant band,
And nourish'd Want with timely aid.

Ah ! what remains to bring relief,—
To silence agonizing grief,—
To soothe the breast in tempest tost,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost ?

'Tis the departed worth, tho' sure
To gash the wound, yet works the cure :— 4

'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb ;
To dry the mourner's pious stream,
And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does Ambition toil to raise
Trophies to immortal praise ?
Trust not, tho' strong her passions burn,
Trust not the marble's flattering stile,
—Tho' Art's best skill engrave the urn—
Time's cank'ring tooth shall fret the pile.— *so*

ODE XXXVI.

TO

THE MUSE.

BY JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

YET once more, sweetest Queen of Song,
Thy humble suppliant lead along,
Through Fancy's flow'ry plains :
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,
Where hand in hand the Grace's rove,
And sooth me with seraphic strains !
'Tis thine, harmonious maid, to cull
Delicious balm to heal our cares ;
'Tis thine to take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysian airs ;
While quick as thought at thy divine command
The realms of grace and harmony expand.

And lo before my ravisht eyes
The visionary scenes arise !
I hear the tender lute complain,
While Sappho breathes her am'rous pain ;
(O guard me from such fierce desires,
Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires !)

I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue *= mellifluous*
 To love and wine repeat the song; — 20
 His flight sublime the Theban swan prepares, *for Pindar*
 And louder music wakes the wond'ring spheres.

But hark how sweet the numbers swell,
 While Homer waves his soul-enchanting wand!
 Entranc'd the list'ning Passions stand,
 Charm'd with the magic of his shell.
 Whether to arms his trump resounds,
 The heart with martial ardour bounds;
 Or sprightly themes his hand employ,
 Instant we catch the spreading joy; — 30
 Or when in notes majestic, deep, and slow,
 He bids the solemn streams of sorrow flow,
 Amaz'd we hear the sadly-pleasing strain,
 While [tender anguish steals through every vein.] 40

Father of verse, whose eagle flight *for Homer*
 Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,
 And strains th' aspiring mind;
 Teach me thy wond'rous heights to view,
 With trembling wing thy steps pursue,
 And leave the less'ning world behind. 40
 Fond, foolish wish!—Can human eyes
 The rapid arrow's track descry? σ
 Can gross Mortality arise, σ
 And spring beyond the vaulted sky?
 Lost is the momentary path, and bound —
 By cumb'rous chains we creep along the ground! σ

Yet some there are with power endow'd
 To soar above the groveling croud ; σ
 By thee, fair Fancy, rapt'rous maid, σ
 By thee, O sweet Enthusiast, led, — σ
 Sublime beyond the milky way
 With strong seraphic plumes they stray ; σ
 Or pierce within the sacred shade,
 Where Nature's plastic forms are laid ;
 Then strike with daring hands the magic strings,]
 And warm to life a new creation springs.

Hail chosen few, whose happier birth
 The Muse beheld, and bade your due feet climb
 Fame's slipp'ry hill, and paths sublime,
 Untrod by vulgar sons of earth ! — 60
 When virtue droops all sick and pale,
 In bleak misfortune's desert vale, σ
 'Tis yours to steal away her care,
 And softly sooth the pensive fair :
 'Tis yours to cull, from Fancy's fairy stores, —
 The brightest gems, and sweetest-breathing flower
 Then bind with Daedal art such wreaths divine,
 As bloom secure on Truth's immortal shrine.

Haste then !—for soft Etesian gales σ
 Supply the Pilot's welcome sails, — 70
 And waft him o'er the main ; /
 And gentle show'rs, the daughters fair
 Of pregnant clouds and balmy air, σ σ
 Rejoice the faint and thirsty plain !] σ

Oh haste, your sweetest numbers shed,
Fraught with the genial dew of praise, — *do Praise*
On Glory's fav'rite sons, who tread
Unweary'd danger's thorny maze:
Who tear fresh laurel's from War's ghastly brow,
Or steer the stedfast bark, though tides of faction *do*
flow.

But, O ye delegates of Jove,
Sent from the starry realms above *do they*
To guard the clime, with dragon-eyes
Where all the Muses' treasures rise,
Should Gothic ignorance invade *o*
With lawless foot the virgin shade,
And too incontinent presume
Rashly to pluck the gold bloom;
Wide wave the flaming sword, and send, O send
Your brightest shafts to quell the Stygian fiend! *90 do*

With holy dread, ye guardians of her store,
Fulfil your charge, nor too profuse of praise
Embalm, with her immortal lays,
The carrion-corps of pride, or power! *of pride*
Let Dulness her vain favours shed
On smiling Folly's kindred head;
Or Vice, in tinsel trappings drest, *o*
Promote the wretch who flatters best;

Disdain the crew!—And in some distant grove,
To worth afflicted, friendless, raise your voice : *or*
So shall the Muse your honest songs approve,
σ And deathless Fame reward your uncorrupted choice!

ODE XXXVII.

ON

PLEASURE.

By the Same.

HENCE from my sight, unfeeling sage,
Hence, to thy lonely hermitage !—
There far remov'd from joy and pain,
Supinely slumber life away ;
Aft o'er dull yesterday again,
And be thy morrow like to-day.
Rest thy bones !—While to the gale
Happier I spread my festive wing,
And like the wand'ring bee exhale
Fresh odours from life's honey'd spring ;
From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,
Where Mirth invites, and Pleasure points the way.

Hail, heaven-born virgin fair, and free,
Of language mild, of aspect gay,
Whose voice the sullen family
Of Care and Discontent obey !
By thee inspir'd the simplest scenes,
The russet cots, the lowly glens,

Mountains, on whose cragged brow
 Nature's lawless tenant's feed, *26* *ψ. B. 11.*
 Bushy dells, and streams, that flow *σ*
 Through the vi'let-purpled mead, *σ*
 Delight ! thy breath exalts the rich perfumes, *σ*
 That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flower field,
 Beyond Sabean sweets, and all the gum *σ*
 The spicy desarts of Arabia yield.

When the Attic bird complains *ψ. V. 11. 12.*
 From the still attentive grove,
 Or the linnet breathes his strains,
 Taught by nature, and by love : *30*
 Do thou approve the dulcet airs, *σ*
 And Harmony's soft, silken chain,
 In willing bondage leads our cares,
 And binds the giant-sense of pain : *ψ. 11. 12.*
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long-drawn note,
 Spun from the lab'ring eunuch's tortur'd throat !
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' FARINELLI sings,
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the strings :
 Untouch'd by thee, see senseless FLORIO sits,
 And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits. *29*

Oh Pleasure come !—and far, far hence
 Expel that nun, Indifference !— *ψ. 11. 12.*
 Where'er she waves her ebon wand,
 Drench'd in the dull Lethæan deep, *ψ. 11. 12.*
 Behold the marble passions stand
 Absorb'd in everlasting sleep !

Then from the waste, and barren mind
 The Muse's fairy-phantoms fly,
 They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
 Of heaven-descended poesy : σ
 Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
 Quench'd is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs σ
 are o'er!

'Twas thou, O Nymph, that led'st along
 The fair Dione's wanton choir, σ
 While to thy blithest, softest song,
 Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre :
 Aloft in air the cherubs play'd
 What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,
 Young Adonis slumb'ring lay,
 On a bed of blushing flowers, σ
 Call'd to life by early May,
 And the rosy-bosom'd Hours :
 The Queen of Love beheld her darling boy, σ
 In am'rous mood she nestled to his side,
 And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,
 Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,
 And the lily's op'ning bell,
 From fresh eglantine she drew σ
 Sweets of aromatic smell : σ
 Part of that honey next she took,
 Which Cupid too advent'rous stole,

When stung his throbbing hand he shook,
 And felt the anguish to his soul :
 His mother laugh'd to hear the elf complain,
 Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
 She drest the wound with balm of sov'reign might,
 And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :
 Ah who would fear, to be so bath'd in bliss,
 More agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this?

Her magic zone she next unbound,
 And wav'd it in the air around :
 Then cull'd from ~~ever-frolic~~ smiles,
 That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
 Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,
 And turns the mighty strong to weak :
 To these, ambrosial dew she join'd,
 And o'er the flame of warm desire,
 Fann'd by soft sighs, Love's gentlest wind,
 Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
 O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heavenly red,
 The Graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

Adonis wak'd—he saw the Fair,
 And felt unusual tumults rise ;
 His bosom heav'd with am'rous care,
 And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
 Driv'n by some strong impulsive power
 He sought the most sequester'd bower,
 Where diffus'd on Venus' breast,
 First he felt extatic bliss,

First her balmy lips he prest,
And devour'd the new-made Kiss :
But, O my Muse, thy tattling tongue restrain,
Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain
To doubts, desires, and fears, the feverish lover's hell.

Change then, sweetest nymph of Nine, ♀
Change the song, and fraught with pleasures
String anew thy silver twine,
To the softest, Lydian measures ! 119 5
My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour
Th' assistant Graces saw, and smil'd ;
Then deign'd this Cyprian charm to pour
With lavish bounty o'er the child :
Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,
In pleasing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
Love's soft suffusion dims the aching eyes,
Love's subtlest flame through ev'ry art'ry flies : = " "
Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,
We gaze in transport lost—then faint and die away. 120

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NOTES

ON THE

ODES.

CLASS THE FIRST.

ODE VI.

Page 27. I From the desert bade thee come,] Num. ch. 23.
The Poet has here, and in what follows, beautifully
availed himself of the Divine Historian.

29. *Ambition shuns the dreaded Dame,
And pales his ineffectual flame ;*] See Hamlet.

*ib. Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his sums of gold ;
She in her chariot seen to ride,*] See Charac-
teristicks vol ii. p. 252.

ODE VIII.

Page 42. 'Twas thus, O poor enamour'd maid,]
Vide Musaeum καὶ 'Ηρω καὶ Δαυδρον.

44. *The Queen of arts ?—With giant-stride*]
See the account, which is given in the second book of
Thucydides, of the plague at Athens. Amongst many

other extraordinary circumstances are the following :

το μὲν γὰρ ἔτος, ἐκ παλίων μαλιστα δὴ ἐκείνο ἀνέσσει ἐς τὰς
ἀλλας ἀσθενίας ἐτυγχάνει οὐκ εἰ δὲ τις καὶ προσέκαμει τι,
ἐς τὴν παῖδα ἀπεκρίθη. — Τα γὰρ ὄρνεα, καὶ τετραπόδα,
ὅσα ἀνθρώπων ἀπὸρίται, πολλὰν ἀλαφὺν γιγνομένων, ἢ ἢ
προσῆμι, ἢ γινεσάμενα διεφθίγγετο.

ib. Sister of pale-ey'd Grief and Care,] According
to the Table of Cebes, Ἀθυμία is the sister of Ὀδυμῆος.

ODE XVI.

Page 81. *Aghast the purple tyrant stood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms,
Forgot the cursed thirst of blood,
And long'd to grasp thee in his arms ;*]

Al-
luding to the story of Damon and Pythias.

ODE XVII.

Page 84. *Since Taste with absolute domain,*] By
Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

85. *And thou, blest Bard ! around whose sacred brow,*]
Dr. Akenside.

ODE XVIII.

Page 86. *Or her's who yonder shines from far
Fair as the morning's silver star,
In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,
On Shannon's flower-enamell'd side,
By shepherds, in each amorous tale,
Yclept the Lily of the vale.]* Miss Fitz-

gerald.

ODE XIX.

Page 90. PALEMON *asks thy kindly aid;*] Author of Clarissa.

ODE XXIII.

Page 103. The Author of this admirable Ode was born, about the year 1720, at a small village near Cameron, on the banks of the Eden. Having been bred to the practice of surgery, he served some time on board a ship of war, and in that capacity was present at the siege of Carthage. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he quitted the navy, and obtaining a diploma, repaired as a physician to Bath. His success however in this situation falling short of his hopes, he at once relinquished the profession, and devoted himself entirely to the pen, upon which he depended for his future subsistence. His novels were popular and his history productive, but his travels written in ill-humor and ill-health decreased his reputation. Of all his works this Ode is the best. He died on a second excursion to Italy for the recovery of his health at Leghorn, October 21, 1771.

ib. *The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood.*] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut. Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

*Page. 105. On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild th' Adriatic wave,]*

Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assign'd for the birth of Independence, the Republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendor.

ib. To burst th' Iberian's double chain;] The Low Countries were not only oppress'd by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the seven provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

ib. On Uris' rocks in close divan,] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss cantons.

ib. Arabia's scorching sands he crost,] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

106. *And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast,
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;]* From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were us'd to fly into the remotest wastes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

*ib. Even now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.]* The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French King, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

XXIV.

Page 109. *Thy fav'rite Swain oft stole along,*] Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

ib. Ev'n mitred Dulness learns to feel,] Parker, Bishop of Oxford.

111. "Receive, my favour'd Son, at my command,
And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's
brow] The late Earl of Holder-
nesse, who was the Poet's patron.

ODE XXXVII.

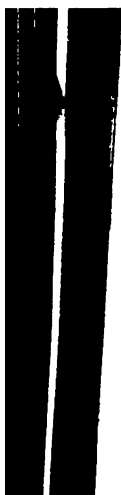
Page 165. *Rest to thy bones!*———]

——— ο τιθημι' εγω

Ζην' τῶτον ἀλλ' ἐμψυχον ἡγαμαι νεκρον. SOPH.

167. *Part of that honey next she took,
Which Cupid too advent'rous stole,*] Theocr.
Εἰδυλ. 16.

THE END.







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